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He was not Black Clear Through

THE STORY OF A BRAVE MAN.

(Anne H. Woodruff, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

He was only a colored janitor, well past middle age, but more active and industrious than many a younger man—a widower, and all alone in the world since the death of his only son, who had enlisted when the call for volunteers came, and after the 'glorious victory' which made the Cubans a free people, died of fever before his regiment started for home.

Jim was an 'old-time darkey,' respectable and respected; or at least respected by all those whose prejudices did not blind them to the beauty of disposition and of character which lifted him far above many whose 'whiteness' was only on the outside. Sold for a slave when he was eight years old, he had lived to see his old mother die in the freedom and comfort of his own free home.

Jim had only memories of kindness and affection from those who had been his owners in the old days in Kentucky, and often his eyes would light up with reminiscent fervor when he was persuaded to relate some story of his youthful exploits in company with young 'Marse Ralph,' who was about his own age. He was now a free man, but his childhood had been a happy one, and those kind friends had protected and cared for him as long as it was in their power. Now the old 'Massa and Missis' were under the sod, and the family scattered. Jim had nothing left of the past but memories, but he had a hope for the future—a hope which nothing this unkind world could do to dim, for it was founded upon a rock—the loving kindness, the faithfulness, the word of the Rock of Ages.

Jim was not an ignorant darkey. He had studied with 'Marse Ralph' when they were boys, and he took an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world. He was fond of reading, and contact with the world since his migration to the big city had sharpened his wits and broadened his mind. But he was black, and that was reason enough for enmity with a certain class of narrow-minded and prejudiced persons.

'I cannot see why Mr. Larson has a nigger janitor for these flats, when there are plenty of white men who would be only too glad to get the work,' said Mrs. Lansing to her neighbor who lived across the hall. 'Such an old hypocrite too—always so ready with his canting jargon. I hate niggers, anyhow, and cannot endure to see them around.'

'Jim is religious,' returned Mrs. Aiken, quietly, 'but I'm sure he is not a hypocrite. His greatest pleasure—and almost his only pleasure—he finds in his church. Why, I do believe, he gives the greater part of what he earns to that same little, colored church, of which he is a very zealous and useful member. I like Jim.'

'Well, I don't,' snapped Mrs. Lansing. 'It makes my blood fairly boil when I hear him dictating to the children of the tenants. How niggers do love to show their authority when they get a chance! Only yesterday he sent Dicky and Doris out of the basement where they were trying to amuse themselves, as it was raining and they could not go outside to play. I intend to speak my mind pretty plainly to the landlord when he comes for the rent.'

'Why, Mrs. Lansing, Dicky would not keep away from the machinery, but was determined to meddle with the stops or valves—or whatever it is of the boiler; and Doris got hold of the matches, and was striking them where there was danger of their setting fire to the pile of kindlings,' exclaimed Mrs. Aiken breathlessly. 'My Bessie was there, and was likely as mischievous as the others. She told me all about it, and said he sent her away too, and I was glad of it. She said he was not at all cross to them, but told them quite pleasantly that he was afraid they would get themselves and him into trouble.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed Mrs. Lansing, with heightened color, annoyed at hearing what was to the descredit of her darlings. 'All he wanted was an excuse to show his power. Niggers can't stand having the least power. They should be kept in their place, and that is not ordering my children around,' and she retired to her own apartments in rather an unpleasant frame of mind.

The children belonging to the building really liked the good-natured, colored man whose laugh was so hearty and contagious [illegible] was always willing to please them when it was in his power to do so without danger to the property and interests of his employer. Dicky and Doris, especially, found an attraction in his company; and their fondness for visiting the lower regions of the house, found its reason in this fact. Jim was fond of children, and his kind old heart readily responded to the advances of the sturdy little lad with the yellow curls, and his blue-eyed twin sister. However, the next time he found it his duty to reprove them for meddling, Dicky also felt it his duty to assert himself. With a ridiculous swagger of his round, roly-poly of a body, and a saucy toss of his curly pate, he said:

'Doris an' me don't have to do what you tells us. Mamma said we don't have to mind a ole nigger. Didn't she, Doris?'

Doris nodded her head vigorously, and confirmed this statement with one monosyllable—'Yes.'

'Never mind, honey,' answered old Jim, good-naturedly, while he patiently and dexterously engineered the children away from the engine-room and toward the door. 'You don' hab to mine, mebbe, but dis ole niggah do hab to mine his boss, and he's got to shet up dis place right away. I don' s'pose you chillun wan' to be locked up heah all 'lone, does yeh?' and he skilfully manoeuvred them outside before they fully understood what he was about.

'I don' see what makes white folks so monstrous onreasonable,' Jim soliloquized, as he plodded slowly to his quarters

in the basement of the large apartment house opposite, which was also under his care, and where he lived. 'Poor Mistis Lansing don' know dat all black folks ain' black clar frough, no moah dan all white folks ain' white clar frough,' and he went to work to prepare his solitary supper, pondering deeply over this puzzling problem.

Jim had not noticed little Doris snatch a handful of matches from the box in which he kept them in the boiler-room. She was not allowed to handle matches when at home—they were always kept out of reach of the children—so this was an opportunity not to be neglected. The cunning little rogue kept them hidden under her white apron, but now that Jim was gone, she proudly displayed them before the astonished and admiring eyes of Dicky.

'Mamma 'll take 'em away from you,' he said, discouragingly.

'She won't see 'em,' retorted Doris. 'Don't you tell, Dicky, 'n' we'll light 'em when she don't see us.'

The children had never been taught the vitally important lesson of obedience, and this neglect was soon to bear its natural and inevitable fruit. That evening, after putting the children to bed, Mrs. Lansing was chatting quietly with her husband in the parlor, when they were startled by hearing loud screams in the back part of the house. Rushing to the kitchen, they were horrified when, upon opening the door, to be met with a cloud of smoke, and to see a tongue of flame darting around the room, igniting everything inflammable in its way.

'The children! the children!' shrieked Mrs. Lansing, while her husband turned ashen with horror. The children's bedroom lay beyond the kitchen, and opened off from it on the court, and no one could pass through that flame-lighted room and live. They could hear the little ones crying, 'Mamma! Papa!' but could not see them through the smoke. They had fled to this retreat after their fatal experiment with the matches, which—after their mother's back was turned—they had crept out of their bed to make. Almost suffocated with the smoke which pursued them, they were nearly wild with fright.

'Shut the door, Dicky,' shouted his father. The child obeyed, and Mr. Lansing then tore down the front stairs to turn in an alarm, while his wife followed and rushed around to the rear of the building to see what could be done from that side. Alas! the kitchen door was locked on the inside and the key in the door, though it would have been of no use if they could have opened it because of the fire inside. The rear bedroom had a window opening onto the porch, but its only door opened into the kitchen.

By this time a crowd began to gather, and the usual excitement and panic ensued among the other tenants of the building, who were rushing hither and thither through their flats, trying to save some of their valuables, for there was no telling where the fire would end. For some unexplainable reason, the fire engine had not appeared.

Jim made his appearance on the scene as Mrs. Lansing was wringing her hands and shrieking, 'My children! my children! they will be burned alive!' and understood the great need there was for prompt action. He knew where the children slept, and also that the firemen would be too late to save them, for the flames were bursting through the bedroom door,—he could see the glare from the court window as he ran up the front stairs.

The Lansings lived on the third floor; the bath-room was on the court between the front hall and the children's room, at the window of which the trembling tots were huddled, in terror of the black smoke and swooping flame. Stiff and rheumatic as he was, Jim did not hesitate. Stepping from the ledge of the court window opening into the front hall, across to the sill of the bath-room window, keeping himself from falling by hanging to the window-frame, he worked himself along to the sill of the window, where the children were. The window was closed, but bright little Dicky quickly shoved it up when he saw Jim coming.

'Take us out, Jim, please,' he called. 'It's awful hot, and we're 'fraid.'

'Wait a minute, honey,' Jim shouted, 'n' Jim 'ill take you out. Don' be 'fraid.'

By this time Mr. Lansing had returned, and comprehending the situation, hurried to the bath-room window, ready to take the little ones as Jim passed them across the intervening space. This was not an easy job, as they were chunky little tots, but Jim did manage it. Leaning far out of the window, he handed first the girl to her father, then the boy, holding them in a grip of iron. Mr. Lansing, not so strong as Jim, was very glad of the hands behind him, now ready to help him lift his precious burdens through the bath-room window.

'Come on, Jim,' he then called, and 'Come on, Jim,' was echoed from all those around, but Jim—blinded and bewildered by the smoke which poured through the room and enveloped him, and overcome by the heat—lost both his head and his footing, as he essayed to reach the bath-room window. He fell, striking the cement flooring three stories below, with a sickening thud, just as the fire engine dashed up the street.

A groan burst simultaneously from many throats. Not one there but shrunk from the thought of going to the scene of horror, but it had to be done. They found Jim—a pitiful heap—maimed, crushed, living, but unconscious. An ambulance was sent for, and he was taken to the hospital. In the meantime, the fire was soon extinguished, but with considerable damage to furniture and wood-work, though this was lost sight of in the joy of having the children saved from such an awful death.

The next morning Mrs. Lansing hurried over to the hospital.

'Yes, he is alive,' the nurse said in answer to her inquiry, 'and conscious, but he cannot last long. He is so frightfully injured that it will be a mercy when death puts an end to his suffering. Yes, you may see him. It can do him no harm.'

When Mrs. Lansing looked into the poor face, so drawn and lined by suffering, yet upon it the 'peace which passeth understanding,' she realized that this 'old nigger' possessed what was more precious than any earthly possession, and which was not hers, in spite of her fair complexion and boasted superiority. But she was in a fair way to improve, now that this truth had dawned upon her, for she had the grace given her to be ashamed of her former attitude toward her black brothers of the human race.

'Oh, Jim, forgive me!' she cried, the rain of tears washing the hardness from her eyes. 'I am so sorry—so sorry! You are a hero, Jim, and I have not treated you well. You saved my children's lives, and now—you must—you must—'

'Die; yes, Missis,' said Jim feebly, 'but don' you feel bad 'bout dat. Why, all Jim's got is ober dar where's he's a-gwine,' and a smile, almost unearthly in its brightness, lighted up the fading eyes, and spread over the black face. Great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, which the nurse gently wiped away, and the labored breathing showed what an effort it was for him to speak. 'Don' you fret, honey,' he said. 'You did'n' un'stan'. You did'n' know Jim wasn't black clar frough,' and with one long-drawn-out sigh, he was gone—gone to a land in which the gradations of society are arranged with an eye strictly to charactar instead of color.

A Shopman's Restitution

'It's no use,' said a young man, kneeling in an inquiry-room; 'I don't get the knowledge of my sins forgiven. I must have it. Oh, God, help me!'—'God will help you,' said the worthy man of God who was kneeling by his side. 'Come, Dick, I've proved Jesus Christ to be a loving Saviour. You haven't to pray God into a willingness to save you.'—'I know, I know,' was the reply; 'but I can't get converted.' And the beads of perspiration burst out upon his brow. He groaned in agony.

An experienced evangelist came up at the moment, and, after listening for a few minutes, said, 'My friend, is there anything you ought to confess?'

'How—how do you know?' stammered the seeker.—'Then there is?'—'Well, I did not attach any importance to it, but——'—'If there was a wrong done, and it blocks your salvation, depend upon it, it is not unimportant.'

'True, true; I see it. I will tell you what haunts me. Some years ago, when employed by a provincial firm, I used to extract sums of money from the till; small sums, I grant, but still, there is the fact.'

'Did they not notice the loss?' asked the evangelist.—'No; the manager trusted me absolutely; how the affair escaped attention I don't know. Perhaps—as I used to look after the shop while he was away billiard playing—he felt responsible, and he made the money right from his own pocket. That I can't say, but—"I had the money!" '—'How much?'

'About five pounds in all. But, though I would pay the money back, I don't see how I can, for the firm has retired from business, and I believe neither of the partners is alive.'

'Is there no other reason? Is there not the fear of the police-court and the gaol? Be true. Trust the Lord. Commit your way unto him. The salvation of your soul is the important matter.'

'It is, it is,' groaned the young man. 'I confess you have touched the sore spot. Oh, what shall I do? Think of the disgrace of a confession. And to whom shall I confess?'—'Is there no living heir of either of the partners?' queried the evangelist. 'If so, write and tell him everything, for your soul's sake.'

'Yes, I will,' was the reply.

And that very moment he was able to pour out his soul to God in prayer. The Lord answered and saved him. He wrote to the son of one of the late partners, explained the circumstances, returned the money, and begged forgiveness. The reply came in the words of Scripture, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Rise in Values

(Zelia M. Walters, in 'Christian Standard.')

Rob thrust his book in his pocket as he approached the field where his brother was ploughing. Then, with an air of irritation, he drew it out again, and carried it in his hand.

'He thinks I'm lazy and worthless because I like to study. But let him—I'll show him some day. No one but a dolt would have such an opinion of brains.'

The boys on the Thorp farm had been separated almost from their cradle by the difference in their tastes. Rob learned to read when he was three, and loved his books with a devotion equalled only by his love for the wild creatures of the wood and field.

Ralph was a typical farmer. He loved the farm, and seemed to grasp the details of the work without effort. His ambition was to be a country gentleman.

'Lord of broad acres and himself beside.' He had perfect health and great physical strength, and rather despised his brother for his lesser power of endurance.

Both were well-bred, good-natured lads, and should have more patience with each other, but a slight coldness, which had begun several years back, was growing greater. The parents, fortunately, were broad enough to see good in both boys, so the home was a happy one.

When Rob reached home he went to his room and spent an hour arranging his specimens, copying his notes and making drawings. Then the supper-bell rang and he went downstairs. It was a pleasant hour that which was spent at the table. The boys were encouraged to talk of their concerns, the father always had a good joke to tell, and the mother some interesting story she had read and saved for this time. The hour after supper was the distasteful one to Rob. The boys had to do the evening chores together, and as Rob was the slower, there was plenty of opportunity for Ralph to grumble.

'Come on, now,' said Ralph, as he took the milk-pails, and started out of the door, 'see if you can get your share done for once.'

'Well, I won't ask any help from you,' said Rob, shortly.

As usual, Rob was not through in time, but he indignantly refused Ralph's offer of assistance.'

'Tell mother I'm going down to the old orchard to look for moths,' he called, as Ralph started to the house. 'I'll not be in very early.'

Ralph found his parents talking to a stranger. After he was introduced he sat down and listened, and then opened his eyes in amazement. The stranger was a college professor who had been called upon to examine some papers on nature study in a magazine contest. The paper that took first prize was of such unusual merit, and showed such sympathetic interest and close study, that he wished to see the writer. Mr. and Mrs. Thorp listened in pleased surprise. Rob had not told any one that he intended to enter a contest. Ralph began to feed distinctly uncomfortable. Rob had achieved a great success, and in the very thing that Ralph had always called rubbish. He wished he had not expressed his opinion so often, and in such forcible language. He comprehended that there were things of worth in the world removed from his own line of thought and action. And this is a wholesome revelation to any one.

'I will go and tell Rob,' he said, rising.

He wanted to be the first to tell him the good news.

'Yes, do,' said his mother, 'he may be out half the night, if some one doesn't go after him.'

As he opened the door to go a sharp flash of lightning startled him. One of the sudden storms of spring had gathered while they had been talking. Already the trees were tossing and moaning, and the thunder growled ominously.

'I should think he would have come home when he saw the storm coming up,' said Mrs. Thorp, a little anxiously.

'Oh, don't worry,' said the father. 'Most likely he's over to Harris's. He'd be so busy looking after the bugs that he would not notice the storm, until it was too late to come home.'

So the professor was conducted to his room, and the family went to bed. Ralph fell into a doze, but was soon aroused by the fury of the storm. He lay there getting wider awake every moment. When there was a lull in the storm, he arose and dressed himself. He would not admit that he shared his mother's anxiety, and scorned the thought that Rob would not know enough to take care of himself. Nevertheless, he remembered that Rob made it an absolute rule never to stay away unless the family knew his whereabouts. Neither of the boys would have willingly caused their mother a moment's uneasiness.

The old orchard was at the other end of the farm, almost a quarter of a mile away. Ralph hurried across the wet meadows. He looked with misgivings at the brook, which the late rains had swollen into a river. It was within a foot of the bridge. How easy it would be for some one to slip on the crumbling bank, and fall into the raging torrent. He reflected with a shudder that Rob was but an indifferent swimmer. He went on across the ploughed ground, where he had seen Rob that afternoon. His half-defined fear taught him how dear his brother was.

He began to call aloud, but there was no answer until he reached the edge of the orchard. Then a faint cry turned him cold with fear.

'Where are you?' he shouted.

'Here, here,' was the answer.

He found him a moment later. A fallen apple-tree was lying across his body.

'Oh, Rob, old fellow, are you hurt very much?' gasped Ralph, groping about to see where the tree had bruised him. He knew too well how fatal such accidents usually are.

'No, not much, I guess. But it's mighty uncomfortable. It fell when the wind came up just before the storm. You'd better run and get some one to help you. I can't stand it much longer.'

His voice sounded faint and hollow, and Ralph arose, saying determinedly, 'I'm going to lift it off myself.'

And, straining his sturdy muscles to all their endurance, he did lift it off.

But Rob was too weak to rise, and Ralph had to run to the house for help.

'Keep up your courage, old fellow,' he said, 'you got the first prize.'

'The first prize! How did you know? Oh, it can't be the first. I didn't expect that.'

'Can't stop to explain. Look for full particulars later,' and he was off, running at the top of his speed. Rob, lying alone in the dark, almost forgot the pain and cold until Ralph returned with his father.

Rob had to stay in bed two weeks. Before the professor left it was agreed that Rob should go to college the next fall. Ralph was devoted during his brother's sickness, and Rob was overflowing with gratitude. In this new impulse of affection each found much to admire in the other. The old differences were forgotten, and were never raised again.

A Fortune Lost Through a Fib

A Harrow boy, returning one day to his school, fun-loving and thoughtless, was, however, of a gentlemanly sort; and, seeing a stout farmer on horseback fumbling in vain with a gate-lock, he politely asked if he might open the gate for him. The farmer thanked the boy and rode on, the boy holding back the gate until he had passed. Then a thought suddenly struck the farmer, and, wheeling round his horse, he said to the boy, 'This is very kind of you, my lad: what's your name?'

The boy thought it would be fun to give a false name, and said 'Jones.' 'Jones!' repeated the farmer; 'and where does your father live? And what does he do?' Again the lad, laughing inwardly at his own supposed wit, answered, 'Oh! my father is a cheesemonger, and keeps a small shop in Theobald's Road, London. You can't miss it; it goes down with two steps from the road.' 'Thank you,' said the farmer; 'you are a smart lad, and I won't forget you.' 'Thank you,' retorted the boy, 'I hope you won't. Remember Jones, cheesemonger, Theobald's Road.' He closed the gate, and walked on, hardly able to restrain his laughter until the farmer was out of earshot.

Ten years passed, and the event had almost faded out of everybody's memory—it was but a schoolboy's joke! The lad, now a young man, was, however, painfully reminded of it when his eye fell upon an advertisement in the daily papers, which ran thus: 'Wanted, a young gentleman of the name of Jones, whose father once kept a shop in Theobald's Road, London, and who, in return for politely opening a gate at Harrow in 18—, has been left a large legacy by a wealthy farmer, lately deceased.'

Of course, the lad 'Jones' could nowhere be found; he had no means of establishing his identity, and so, in consequence of an untruth told in thoughtless fun, he lost a fortune! From that hour, however, he never allowed himself to swerve a single hair's-breadth from the truth.—'Christian Herald.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Runaway Automobile

(James Buckham, in 'Christian Work and Evangelist.')

'Oh! here comes a steam-carriage!' cried Ralph. He could not say 'automobile,' it was such a long, queer word to pronounce. Bessie could say it, but it was hard work even for her. She liked Ralph's word better, and used it except when talking with older people, when she wanted to appear 'grown up.'

'Why! it's coming here!' announced Bessie, as the man who was riding in the automobile steered it out of the roadway and brought it slowly up to the edge of the sidewalk. 'Is your papa at home, children?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' replied Bessie, who was two years older than Ralph. 'He is writing in the study.'

'On his sermon, I suppose!' laughed the man. 'Well, I'm sorry to disturb him, but business is business, and we will have to do business in the daytime.' So saying, he jumped out of his automobile, ran up the steps and rang the door-bell. The servant let him in, and the children were left alone with the wonderful 'steam-carriage.'

Then that old enemy and deceiver, the Tempter, began his battle with Conscience.

'Just climb in, and see how it would seem to be sitting in a real steam-carriage!' whispered the Tempter.

'No!' said Conscience, strongly and very promptly on six-year-old Bessie's part, more slowly and weakly on four-year-old Ralph's part.

'Why, what harm would it do just to sit in the carriage?' argued the Tempter. 'There could be nothing wrong about that, and the man wouldn't care.'

'Papa and mamma would care,' answered Conscience in Bessie's soul.

'It wouldn't be very naughty, but just a little naughty, I suppose,' said a weaker voice in Ralph's soul.

'Come now!' urged the Tempter. 'The man won't be gone much longer, and unless you get right in you won't have a chance to see how it seems to be sitting in a real steam-carriage—perhaps you will never have another chance. Neither papa nor mamma will see you. Papa is busy with the man, and mamma is away shopping. Now is your chance! Only try it for a minute, and then you can jump out again, and no one will be the wiser.'

'Let's!' cried the other voice in Ralph's soul—the evil voice which is the echo of the Tempter's. 'Let's!' said the little boy's own eager lips; and Conscience, fighting alone and more feebly in Bessie's soul, went down at that, and the two children and the Tempter climbed into the automobile! That was what the Tempter had been planning all along. One can never satisfy him by yielding to him. He asks for the inch only that he may gain the ell.

'Just touch that shiny lever!' whispered the Tempter to Ralph; for he knew that Ralph was now well in his power.

The boy touched the piece of glistening steel. It felt so smooth and nice!

'Press it—just a little,' suggested the Tempter.

Ralph gave the lever ever so slight a push. There was a sudden sputter of steam, a quick jerk of the machinery; then —chu, chu, chu, chug, a-chug, a-chug a-spiz, bur-r-r-r, and the automobile started off down the road like a living creature.

Both children screamed, and then Ralph began to cry—to bawl, as his father would say, a regular boy's howl, loud and lusty. Bessie did not cry. She felt the sudden weight of her responsibility In that moment of danger she seemed to have grown twenty years older than Ralph. Two years' difference in age made the fault and sin seem all the little girl's—and the blame, too, if anything serious should happen.

So far, luckily, the automobile had held its course beside the road, though not quite in it. Bessie caught hold of the long bar as a drowning man catches at the largest straw, and found that with it she could steer the machine. It steered very easily, turning just as one would think it should at the slightest moving of the bar. Bessie soon saw that she could keep the machine from running into things if she did not lose her head. More than that, she could not dare to try. How Ralph had started the automobile she did not know, and the little boy himself was so nearly frightened out of his wits that he could not remember. He knew that he had touched something shiny, but whether he had pulled it or pushed it, pressed it or lifted it, he could not even think. All he could do was to cry louder and louder; and all Bessie dared try to do was to keep the machine going on the right side of the road. It was enough if she could fix her mind and attention on that.

So they kept on going—smoothly and not very fast, but farther and farther from home all the time. Bessie kept hoping the machine would run down, but it did not. It 'chug'd' and 'chug'd' busily and cheerfully; the air-cushioned wheels rolled softly through the dust, and all the houses and trees fell steadily behind them. Pretty soon Ralph stopped crying. He found that he wasn't getting hurt, and the ride was growing rather pleasant after all. Before long a smile began to dawn on his freckled face; but Bessie's face was still sober and anxious.

People stopped to gaze at the two tots gliding by in the automobile. But the children seemed to be managing it all right, and were gone before one could really make up his mind whether to do anything about it or not. Bessie never took her eyes from the road in front of her. She did not seem to be conscious of anything else—men, women, children, electric cars, teams, dogs or cats. The one thing that she felt she could do, to atone for her sin, she did with all her might—she steered the automobile clear of every obstacle.

By-and-by, keeping straight on, they got out into the country, and for long distances had the road all to themselves. By this time Ralph was laughing and cheering with boyish delight. It was the greatest lark he had had since he graduated from skirts. 'Why don't you holler?' he kept demanding of Bessie. 'It's such fun!' But Bessie's face was still stern and her heart was filled with dread and shame. 'Don't bother me, Ralph,' was her only reply. 'Let me steer straight.' And all the time she was praying in her heart, 'O God! make this steam-carriage run down!'

And at last, when they were fifteen miles from home, it did run down. The gasoline in the tank gave out; the machine's 'chug-a-chug' began to choke; there was a final sighing 'p-hiz-z' of steam—and then the wheels ceased to turn, and the automobile stopped in plain sight of the little railway station at Mystic.

A moment later a man came rushing out of the station, bare-headed. He was the telegraph operator, and he had just been taking an odd message from the ticker—'Look out for runaway automobile with two children. Wire if seen.'

'The very children!' he cried, as he hastened up the street toward the run-down automobile. 'I'll send them in by the next train, and wire their father to meet them. Poor, guilty-looking little things! I guess they have learned one lesson that they will remember.'

Tried to Forbid the Marriage.

A friend sends us the following interesting account of how Miss Hull's pet colt interrupted her wedding.

A wedding in rural high life was interrupted in a peculiar fashion at Walnut Hill, Connecticut, a few days ago.

The parents of Miss Nellie Hull, who was to become the wife of Mr. Anson Gear, thought it would be the thing to celebrate the wedding in church.

The contracting parties were pleased with the suggestion, and preparations were made for an elaborate wedding.

All the people on the Hill were invited, and all went. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. Built over the path leading from the road to the church door was an awning, and on the ground was laid a strip of carpet.

Miss Hull was very fond of pets, and among the animals on the farm she had a pet cow and a pet colt. Her affection for these animals was warmly reciprocated. Either of them would follow her about like a dog. Daisy was the name of the pet colt. It happened that Daisy had his eye on the preparations for the wedding. He stood with his head over the pasture bars and saw his mistress climb into the family carriage and drive down the road. A short time after, according to the testimony of the hired man, the colt cleared the bars at a bound and with tail up and heels in the air went down the road at a lively gait in the direction his mistress had taken.

The wedding party was in the church, and bride and bridegroom were standing before the minister ready to take their vows, when there was a commotion in the vestibule. Every man, woman and child in the church turned towards the door just as Miss Hull's colt stuck his head through the opening. Seeing his mistress at the altar the animal walked down the aisle, and thrusting his head between the bride and bridegroom, rubbed his nose against the bride's shoulder, whimpering affectionately.

The preacher stopped, the bride's father attempted to drive the colt out of the church, but it refused to go until induced to do so by its mistress, who led the way. When the horse was outside, the door was closed to keep out the animal and the young woman returned to the altar and was married.

When the wedding procession set out for the Hull residence, where refreshments had been spread for the guests, the colt trotted along by the side of the carriage in which its mistress rode.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Father, Mary and Co.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

The rambling, wood-colored house was just in from the hard gravel road, as one turned off at the right, on crossing the Little River bridge. From this out-of-the-way place it was fully a mile down to the grim iron foundry, where for years Lawrence Baker had had charge of one of the company's great, roaring furnaces.

The trees in the wide, unkept front yard stood bare and gaunt. Their brown leaves, exulting in a new-found freedom, were mischievously scurrying about, tumbling over one another in a wild, mad frolic for supremacy.

'I'd be willing to be a leaf—almost,' declared Mary Baker, gloomily, looking aimlessly from the narrow, old-fashioned panes of the sitting room window. 'I wouldn't care then if I had to stay here and toil—if I didn't get a place; wouldn't have ambitions, only to have them unfulfilled. I'd "be" a leaf—nothing to hope for, nothing to expect,' and she sighed dismally. Could it be patient, faithful Mary Baker?

The silence in the room was broken only by the sharp whistle of the wind without.

'I'm not needed here. The boys are grown now and working with father. And Elizabeth—she's sixteen—could do all that there is to do, with what help they could give her. I'm tired—"tired"—discouraged with it all! Wonder if mother ever felt as I do? "She" was appreciated.'

Mary took a crumpled letter from the window-sill.

'I don't see why I had to be disappointed—why I couldn't have had the place at Cole & Emerson's, only that I never had any luck—never! I suppose that accounts for it.'

She went slowly into the kitchen, where the fire in the shining range was burning low. She hurriedly opened the oven door, whence issued appetizing odors of baking brown bread.

'I'll need more fire than this,' she said, with housewifely instinct, 'if that's to be done for supper,' and she stepped to the shed, bareheaded, for an armful of 'fine' wood.

'It seems as though everybody else in the world, but you, Mary Baker, has a "pull"! And I did so want a place—somewhere! Oh! well,—

'Washing, ironing, making bread—
It must be done; mouths must be fed.'

She was setting the table for supper, and didn't notice the slow, tired step of her father on the kitchen floor. He had come in unexpectedly by the back way.

'I wouldn't mind it—the drudgery. I could wear the finger-ends off if only—but who cares? Nobody!'

An expression of pain passed over her father's worn, anxious face.

'I wonder if she got it—the place!' The look of anxiety deepened — the very thought hurt him.

The supper was being eaten in silence—only the monotonous click of the dishes was heard. They were almost through.

'Going?' Ralph looked up abruptly from the table. 'Twas the first reference made regarding the position at Cole & Emerson's, though they all knew Mary was expecting an answer that day to her application—and Bloomfield was so far away.

'No,' divining her brother's reference, 'I'm not wanted.'

She scarcely glanced up from the coffee she was pouring, yet there was an evident look of relief in Ralph's dark eyes—she couldn't be mistaken.

'Then he cares,' she thought quickly; 'but it's only for my work—it makes it pleasanter for them.'

Yet Ralph's expression gave Mary a feeling—she couldn't describe it—that took away much of the disappointment she had felt since receiving the concise, business-like letter of the morning. She hadn't supposed 'twould make any difference to him—wouldn't Elizabeth do just as well?

'Then you're really going—to "stay,"' and Tom squeezed his sister's hand shyly. He had waited for her in the kitchen, until she brought out an armful of dishes to wash. 'You're a brick! What would we do—Ralph and I—without our—'

He fumbled his cap nervously.

'You know you've taken mother's place, and—'

'Don't, Tom—don't.'

Mary almost let fall the dishes she was holding. 'Twas the first time any one had ever expressed, by a single word, any appreciation of her efforts and struggle in assuming the responsibility of the little family—the sole head since her mother's death. It bewildered her—the suddenness and pleasure of it all.

'I didn't suppose—'

'Let me do them alone to-night, you do looked tired, Mary,' and Elizabeth gently took the dish towel from her sister's hand. 'Come, that's a good girl,' coaxingly.

'Yes, you go in with father, and I will help her. The one who got up such a good supper for us hungry boys to-night ought to be relieved from dish-washing. Bess and I—we "want" to do it,' and Ralph—strong, handsome Ralph—playfully took his bewildered sister in his arms, and set her down in the sitting room beside their father. 'I'm just beginning to realize what—'

He softly closed the door, with his whispered sentence unfinished. But Mary understood.

'I've been thinking, Mary, lately,' and her father's voice was low, 'of forming a partnership, providing I can get somebody I want to consent to the contract.'

'You're—you're not going to leave the foundry?'

'No—I'—the voice was unsteady. 'But I've been thinking for a number of days of the necessity of such a step. It should have been done before; but somehow I—we didn't think.'

Mary failed to comprehend the drift of her father's words.

'Unless we form the partnership I refer to, we may lose the most valued member of our home-keeping. We've lived too much to ourselves—been too selfish and forgetful. But now under the partnership of Father, Mary & Co., we shall think to do more for the one who has made the loss of mother, all these years, less deeply felt. We hadn't realized what you've been to us until we thought of your leaving. Will you join the firm—that we may still be kept together?' He took Mary's trembling hand and drew it towards him. 'What this has been to Ralph and Tom—mother knows.'

'I was so selfish—I thought only of my own little soul-centred world.' 'Twas after the rest of the family had retired, just leaving Ralph and Mary alone in the sitting room. 'And I said—only this afternoon—that I had no luck. Oh, Ralph! And who could have greater than to be admitted to father's firm—with you and Tom and Bess?'

'Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.'

There has something gone wrong,
My brave boy, it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.
That is right. When you cannot
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
'A stiff upper lip.'

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear.
If when for life's prizes
You're running, you trip,
Get up, and start again—
'Keep a stiff upper lip!'

Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean;
But hold on to the pure,
And the right with firm grip;
And though hard be the task,
'Keep a stiff upper lip!'

Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colors, my friend,
Only yield when you must,
Never 'give up the ship,'
But fight to the last,
'Keep a stiff upper lip!'

—Phoebe Cary.

Don't Grumble, But Work.

A dog, hitched to a lawn-mower, stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said, 'Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for an excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine.' It is easier to be critical than correct; easier to bark than to work; easier to burn a house than to build one; easier to hinder than to help; easier to destroy reputation than construct character. Fault-finding is as dangerous as it is easy. Anybody can grumble, criticise, or censure, like the Pharisees, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly, and rise superior to it all, as Jesus did.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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Practicing Before Preaching.

(S. Campbell, in 'Pittsburg Christian Advocate.')

Van Reid and Marion Fuller were discussing the contents of a letter Van had received.

'It is a chance in a thousand,' said Van. 'If I take it, I can make my way easily; if I lose it, I shall probably humdrum along till I die.'

'Oh, no,' said Marion, 'I hope not.'

'Grandfather is getting old, I know, and it does seem rather shabby to leave him. But he said he could manage without me.'

'Did he say how?' asked Marion, adding quickly, before there was time for an answer: 'Poor Van! It is hard for you. But you will not be shabby.'

'I am mightily tempted. I just long to go out into the world, and get to work at something worth while; to be right in the heart of "the strife," and "be a hero" in it, "if I could," ' with a show of spirit.

'What is a hero?' asked Marion.

'Why a man that rushes into a burning building and carries the whole premises off to the next street; and then goes round afterwards with his thumbs tied up in rags, while everybody gives him a triple cheer, and says: "Did you ever!" '

They both laughed.

'I suppose,' said Van, reproachfully, 'you think I am ambitious for some such stuff as that.'

'What is a hero?' asked Van in his turn.

Marion considered a minute.

' "Only an honest man doing his duty," ' she quoted slowly.

Van stood silent, looking down at the letter in his hand. Then he burst out:—'Surely it is not wrong, is it, to wish to be educated and given the opportunity to do the work that you were meant for? Is it right when the key to the future is put into your hand to throw it away? I tell you if I refuse these men, I shall probably be a nobody all my life.'

'Then be a nobody,' said Marion, with spirit. 'Be one all your life, and thank God for it. Listen! There was once a man who was promised a kingdom. God promised it to him when he was a lad. But it was years before it came to him, and then he got only part of it, and had to wait as many years more for the rest. And it is wonderful to read how patiently he waited, how generous and forbearing he was in those fierce, fighting, vindictive times. He had his reward. For when at last he came to his throne, the Bible says that "David perceived that the Lord had made him king of Israel." There must have been a splendid satisfaction and inspiration in that; and it would be infinitely better for a man to perceive that the Lord had made him a hodcarrier than that he had made himself the greatest of the great against God's plan.'

When, a little later, Van sat at table with his grandfather, he wondered that he had not noticed more how old and wrinkled and bent he was. His mind went back to the day when his widowed, dying mother, with her only child, had come here to her father's house. He remembered how green and sunlit the broad country looked that morning, and his grandfather standing on the doorsteps to receive them. And surely no welcome had ever been heartier than his. Van's thoughts travelled slowly over the long road since then—a road always lighted with love and kindness. He had nearly reached the end of it when his grandfather's voice interrupted him.

'Van,' said the old man, speaking a little wearily, perhaps—or perhaps Van imagined that he did—'I have been thinking of what you said yesterday—'

'Don't think of it, grandfather,' Van at once broke in. 'I am not going away. I am going to stay here, if you'll keep me.'

'But it will never do to throw away such an outlook as that letter offers you. It is a good life, after all.'

His grandfather did not answer at once. Then he cried out sorrowfully: 'It makes my poor old heart sore to stand in the way of your prospects, my boy.'

Van rose up hastily from his seat, and went round to his grandfather's chair. He laid his hand gently on his shoulder.

'Grandfather,' he said, with a little break in his clear young voice, 'every prospect I have ever had in the world you gave me. All that you had has been mine. And it was just the same with the next world. I am going to be rich here, and it will be because you shared your treasure with me. God could not do better for a boy's prosperity than to put him to live in this house with you. You must never say this again, grandfather.'

So Van wrote and declined the promising city offer. Then he went cheerfully to work on the farm; and the days and weeks and months piled themselves up into years, years which were filled with ploughing, reaping and hard physical toil, and which gave no hope of anything different. Van was settling down to a farmer's life, when, suddenly, without any warning, a change came, and the way from which he had felt himself so far withdrawn opened fairly and prosperously at his feet. There was nothing for him to do but follow his own desires.

Van took a college course, and then a divinity course. He was much older than his mates, however, when he was ready to preach the Gospel.

Marion heard his first sermon. She gave a little smile of satisfaction when he announced his text: 'Wait, I say, on the Lord.' Afterward she said to him.

'I was the only person in the church who had ever seen you before. Nobody else knew that you were preaching from experience. But let me tell you what I have heard. Two young men came out behind me. One of them asked the other what he thought of the sermon. "I liked it," he said. "I liked it immensely. It was real, somehow." It takes real men to preach real sermons, Van, and I perceive that the Lord has made you a real man.'

Old Country Friends.

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A Wise Decision

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, in 'The Standard.')

'Come on, Frank, and join us. We've engaged Roy Elliott as pitcher; you know him, and we are bound to win if you will come with us. We have an invitation to play against the crack Ellingwood nine soon, at Prospect Park, and I told all the boys I knew where I could get the best catcher in town.'

'Thank you for the compliment, Will, but I fear you rated me too highly. When does this game come off?'

'The second Sunday in June, and we shall have to hustle to get in our practice, and that is why I am anxious to get well trained players at the start. One green hand might lose the game for us.'

'I am sorry to disappoint you, Will, indeed I am, but I cannot join any nine which plays Sunday games. My mind has been made up on that point for some time, but I wish it was not your invitation that I am obliged to refuse,' and he laid his arm across his friend's shoulder affectionately.

'I wish you were not in it, either,' he continued, as Will kept silence, a hurt, disappointed look on his handsome face, which grieved Frank to see.

'Where's the harm, anyhow?' demanded Will as they walked along. 'A fellow just can't be tied down to those old-fashioned notions concerning the Sabbath if he is going into society at all, for every one breaks it in one way or another. The people who do not ride behind horses or on wheels go walking or boating, or picnicking.'

'No, not every one, Will,' Frank replied with quiet decision. 'I learned from the very best and dearest of fathers how to keep the Sabbath day and I do not propose to dishonor his memory and example.'

The grass was just springing on a long, narrow plat in the cemetery and Will was silent, feeling the tremble in the arm on his shoulder.

'Nothing but harm can come of it; your own conscience must tell you that——'

'Well, we won't argue the point, Frank,' interposed Will hastily. 'Of course I know all that stuff off by heart after hearing Dr. Riggs pound away on it for years in the Bible class. By the way, do you keep on with him?'

'I certainly do. I should sadly miss the instruction I get there. I am so sorry you dropped out of the class, Will. You could not look into his kind, loving eyes every Sabbath and have any desire to belong to a Sunday base-ball club.'

'That is just it, Frank. I'd rather hear father scold an hour than see that hurt look on Dr. Riggs's face when some of us did something he didn't approve of, and so I cut loose from the whole thing, and I propose to have freedom to choose for myself in these matters.'

'Well, I hope you may not be too sorry when the time comes to check up the accounts,' Frank said earnestly, as they stopped for a moment on the corner where their ways parted. 'Life is a serious business, Will, however much we may try to evade the fact, and there is some pretty close book-keeping going on up yonder, and each one of us will have to face the result. 'I should be very sorry to have all debits and no credits on my account.'

'No danger; you're too awfully good for

that. By the way, did you apply for that position with Crowell & Co.?'

'Yes, did you?'

'Two weeks ago, but have heard nothing from it. I conclude they are not in any haste for a clerk. I know of a dozen fellows who have applied.'

'It is likely to be a pretty good place for the one who gets it, not only in regard to salary, but in business training. Mr. Crowell worked up from a small beginning and has some valuable business ideas, I am told.'

'Well, the place is good pay, that's all I care about,' replied Will carelessly, taking a cigarette from his pocket. 'It's the ducats I am after just now. I am willing to work for them, but honest work deserves honest pay, I say. How Crowell worked up, or that foot of the ladder business, doesn't interest me, I must confess.'

'A permanent position with a good firm is worth more than money to a young man,' Frank said seriously. 'Oh, Will, don't smoke that,' as Will scratched a match with which to light the cigarette. 'You handicap yourself in the very beginning if you indulge in those vile cigarettes.'

'If you're going to get preachy, I'm off,' Will replied, his face flushing half angrily. 'I thought I told you I had taken out emancipation papers.' And so saying Will tipped his hat a little farther back, squared his shoulders jauntily and walked off, a thin curl of smoke floating back over his shoulder.

Frank sighed and walked on toward the little home where his mother was waiting for him on the porch. He loved Will North, and it was hard to see him drifting into ways where he could not, dared not follow, after their many years of friendship.

'What is it, son?' asked Mrs. Goodwin, her quick mother eyes reading in a moment the trouble in his. He told her in a few words.

'I am so glad, dear, that you had the courage to refuse to join that Sabbath-breaking crowd. It is my heart's dearest wish that you become such a man as your father was,' and the widow's slender hand rested affectionately on her boy's shoulder. 'I know it is hard to part company with friends where the ways diverge, but you will never be sorry if you always choose the right way, however lonely.'

'It is lonely, mother,' Frank confessed, ruefully. 'Most of the boys I know think I am a crank, though some of them are too polite to say so, and even the girls prefer the boys who have more dash and less conscience.'

'Let mother be your "best girl" for a little while, until you have proven how much the best your way is,' and a soft pink suffused the faded cheeks.

'All right, mother,' Frank replied laughingly. 'No boy in town will have a nicer girl to wait upon, I am sure of that.'

A few days later Mr. Crowell and his junior partner were sitting in their private office. A list of names lay upon the desk before Mr. Crowell, adorned with several check marks and private notes, which he was evidently comparing.

'Well sir, how does it stand?' asked Mr. Moore. 'Mr. Tucker tells me the department is badly in need of a helper.'

'The department can better afford to wait than to have unsatisfactory help hurried into it. You know my rule not to hire in haste to repent at leisure'—Mr. Crowell took off his glasses and wiped them carefully—'and out of a dozen applicants whom I have taken pains to prove fully, the choice has fallen upon two, and I am in doubt as to which of the two is the best for the place.'

'And who are they?' His partner's business methods were a source of much private amusement to Mr. Moore, though he freely admitted they produced the best results.

'Frank Goodwin and William North, and you will see that the two are pretty evenly balanced. North is handsome, and has a pleasant, winning way which has its commercial value, especially with ladies; still I fancied I smelled cigarette smoke on his clothing when I met him last evening. Goodwin isn't nearly so fine looking, but Dr. Riggs gives him such a recommend as few young men could command from such a man. "Absolutely above temptation to do a mean or a dishonest act," means a good deal in commercial life.'

'Indeed it does, sir,' replied Mr. Moore seriously, 'and added to the sincere desire to earn advancement which I am sure that young Goodwin has, can hardly fail to make a good business man of him.' Just then the evening paper was thrown in, and Mr. Crowell looked it over while Mr. Moore added a column of figures.

'Ah, here we are,' exclaimed Mr. Crowell. 'Here is our Mr. North's name in the list of players in a game of Sunday baseball.'

'Isn't young Goodwin's name there, too? They have been chums for years.'

Mr. Crowell read the list over carefully, and with a sigh of relief. 'No, and I am heartily glad of it, Mr. Moore. It is terrible, actually terrible, sir, to see the Sabbath desecration among the young, and the old, too, for that matter. I was raised in strict old Puritan style, and I am very thankful for it. I never have brought to my business on Monday morning a brain and body weary and fagged with Sunday indulgence in games or excursions. If ever there was a wise and beneficent provision for man it is the Christian Sabbath, and I will have no young man in my employ who has not the good sense to appreciate it.'

'Aren't you a little severe, sir?' asked Mr. Moore smilingly, as his partner wiped his brow excitedly. 'Young men are thoughtless, and perhaps Mr. North has not given the subject due consideration.'

'Perhaps he hasn't, but look at the fellows he is associated with; the fastest set in town. How long would it be before there are wine suppers after the games and all sorts of foolishness to tempt the young man who has not the stamina to consider. On no account, Mr. Moore, would I take a person into my employ who has not self-respect enough to "think" in choosing his occupations and his companions,' and Mr. Crowell placed a sign opposite the name of Will North which effectually closed the question of ducats for him so far as the firm of Crowell & Co. were concerned.

'So you got the place, Frank. Of course I won't pretend that I wouldn't have liked it for myself, but I'd rather see you do well than any one I know. The boys are on the lookout for me, though, and every one of them has a rich father and influence, so I'm sure to strike a job sooner or later,' and Will North looked very confident, quite satisfied to gain employment through influence rather than merit.

'I hope you may, Will,' Frank answered cordially. 'I shall be most heartily glad to see you prosper.'

'By the way, Frank, how is Crowell to work for? I've heard that he is awfully strict.'

'None too much so for such a large business. No one could be kinder to me than "Mr." Crowell has been,' and Frank laid special stress on the respectful title. 'For where so many are employed it would not be wise to allow loose ends in discipline, and the rules are not too exact.'

From that day the path of life began to diverge widely for the two young men. Frank Goodwin threw all the energies of his fine mind into acquiring a thorough knowledge of the business in which he was engaged, and every day advanced him in the respect and esteem of his employers.

Will North 'got a job' in several places, through the influence of his associates, but his mind was upon anything and everything rather than his work, and especially upon pay days and holidays, so it was not surprising that he went from one 'job' to another with easy transition to the lower grades of employment. At last accounts he was educating himself for a star pitcher in a champion base-ball club.

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Overpowered by the effort she had made, and fearful there was something presuming in a poor creature like herself daring to speak to the being she so reverenced, Daph sat down on the floor, in a position of silent humility. A conviction that she had been heard and forgiven for the boldness of her prayer stole over her, and she stretched herself as usual on the bare floor, and was soon in a sound sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW PATH.

Daph rose the following morning, at her usual early hour, and went to perform her customary ablutions beside the well, keeping, however, a sharp look out for Mrs. Ray, to be ready to beat a retreat as soon as that formidable person should make herself heard. No Mrs. Ray appeared, and Daph's curiosity tempted her to take a peep into the room which served as kitchen, parlor, and general abiding-place for Mrs. Ray and Mary, though they slept in the loft above.

Mary was diligently ironing, at this early hour, giving from time to time dolorous glances at a great basketful of damp clothes, which seemed to diminish but slowly under her efforts.

'Where's your ma?' said Daph, as she thrust her head fairly in at the door, regardless of consequences.

'Mother's very sick this morning,' said Mary sorrowfully. 'She can't even turn herself in bed, and all these clothes must go home to-night; we have had to keep them too long now, it has been so wet.'

'Nebber fret 'bout de clo'es,' said Daph,

cheerily; 'I'se held a flat before dis! Do Daph good to work a little, she mighty tired sitting up all day like a lady. 'Spose I jus' steps up to look at your ma. Mabbe I might do somewhat for her, to make her feel some better.'

'Oh, don't,' exclaimed Mary, hastily, 'she might not like it.'

'Nebber you mind dat!' said Daph, 'you jus' show me de way.'

Mary pointed to the door that led to the narrow staircase, and Daph needed no further guidance.

'Ye's mighty sick, isn't ye Miss' Ray!' said Daph, compassionately, as she stepped to the bedside of the sufferer.

Mrs. Ray turned her head to the wall and groaned, but Daph was not to be easily disconcerted.

'Spose I jus' makes you a leetle warm drink, and kinder helps you to frow off dis ere sickness?' said Daph, insinuatingly.

'Oh, my back! my bones!—they ache so!' said the poor woman.

'It's jus' bein' out in dis wet wedder, jus' a-comin' from dat awful hot fire into de swash down rain,' said Daph. 'White folks isn't used to such hard work, you jus' can't bear it, dat's it.'

Daph had struck the right chord, and Mrs. Ray answered, 'No, I ain't used to it, that's true enough; but who have I got to help me, but just that slip of a girl? Oh, if my boy had only lived!'

Daph did not wait to hear more of the complaints, which were the burden of Mrs. Ray's daily talk. She hastened to the kitchen, and, with Mary's help, she soon prepared a steaming bowl of herb-tea, which Mrs. Ray took from her hand without a word. She would have resisted, when Daph proceeded to bathe her feet in warm water; but the kind-hearted negress went steadily on, regardless of opposition, saying, 'You'se so very sick, we's mus' jus' take care of you, same as if you were a bit of a baby. There now, let me jus' put the cubber over you,' she said, as she released the restive feet. 'Now, if you could jus' git a little sleep, while I go dress de babies, I'se do believe you would feel mighty better.'

Mrs. Ray did fall into a quiet sleep, the more sound from the night of wakefulness and pain she had just passed. When she awoke, she heard unusual sounds in the kitchen below, and if she could have peeped down the stairway a pleasant scene would have met her eyes. A cheerful fire roared up the wide chimney. Daph, revived by the welcome heat, was ironing away at the great table, with real heartiness, while little Mary, at her side, tried to move her slender arms in the same energetic manner. Charlie was seated on the table, a happy spectator of these proceedings, while Louise stood by him, sprinkling and folding a bit of rag again and again, not doubting that she was amazingly useful.

'Mary! Mary!' said a voice from above, feebler and a little less sharp than usual, 'Who's down there with you?'

'It's jus' me and de children, Miss' Ray,' said Daph, putting her head fearlessly up the stairway. 'Dat big basket o' clothes wants 'tention, an' I'se jus' thought I'se better be ironin' a bit, to get de tings out of de way.'

Mrs. Ray made no answer, and Daph, after satisfying herself that the patient was a little better, stepped quietly back into the kitchen.

Daph really enjoyed her busy day, and it was followed by sound, natural sleep, instead of hours of wakefulness and anxious thought.

It was more than a week before Mrs. Ray recovered from the violent cold which had so suddenly removed her from the scene of operations; meanwhile, Daph and Mary had become excellent friends. The little girl exchanged her hard work for the pleasant care of the children, and Daph's strong arms had the exercise they needed. Daph's busy brain had not meanwhile been idle; the sight of the great oven in the wide chimney-corner had suggested to her a plan, which she was impatient to carry out.

When Mrs. Ray first appeared in the kitchen, she gave an anxious look about her, as if she expected to see nothing but disorder and dirt; but the well-scoured floor, and the shining plates on the dresser had another tale to tell. Of Daph's skill in cookery she had tasted several striking specimens, since her appetite had in a measure returned; and she looked on somewhat curiously, as Daph busied herself about the fire, preparing what she called, 'Jus' a bit relish to strengthen up Miss' Ray, now she's on her two feet again.'

Mary was with the children, and Mrs. Ray took the opportunity to say, 'You have been very good to me, Daph, and I am sure you had no reason;' and tears of shame actually came into the poor woman's eyes.

'Now, don't, Miss' Ray!' said Daph, 'I'se isn't been and done anything at all. Come, take a little breakfast, and ye'll feel better, I'm sure.'

'What can I do for you, Daph?' continued Mrs. Ray, who had been really touched by the persevering kindness of the honest negress.

'Well, now, Miss' Ray,' said Daph, 'I wants to make a little money. I jus' thinks I might do de ironin' for you ebery week, for you can't stand such hard work, and then, maybe, you'd jus' let me hab de use ob dat oven, for somewhat I wants to do. I'se jus' used to cookin', and mabbe, if I makes some ob de cakes I used to like so much, I might sell them at some ob de grand houses, and so make a pretty sum by-and-by.'

This arrangement was easily made, for Mrs. Ray felt within her but little strength for the work, and she was also anxious to show her sense of Daph's late kindness.

One bright June morning, Daph put herself in what she called 'splinker order,' and the children shouted with delight when her toilet was made. With the help of Mrs. Ray and Mary she had cut out and completed a good calico dress, and a full white apron, and these, with her snowy turban, made a most respectable appearance. A new basket, covered with a clean cloth, was on her head, and within it was stored a variety of nice cakes, which she was proud to show as a specimen of her cookery.

Mary stood at the window with the children, as Daph went off, and the little ones kissed their hands to her until she was fairly out of sight.

Daph had learned her way about the city with ease, for she had quick observation and a ready memory, and she now found no difficulty in reaching what she called 'the grand houses,' which were ranged in imposing rows, on what is now one of the business streets.

At door after door, she tried to gain admittance, but the consequential servants turned her off with a contemptuous word, and her heart began to sink within her. At last, as an imperative footman was ordering her away from a great family mansion, two ladies passed out, to enter a carriage. Daph was desperate. She dropped a courtesy and said, 'Ladies, like some nice cakes?' and at the same moment she lowered her basket, uncovered it, and displayed the tempting array.

The frank, good face of the negress, and the attractive appearance of her wares, secured the attention of the ladies, and they purchased largely. Encouraged by their kindness, Daph said 'If de ladies would jus' speak for Daph to some ob de great folks, to buy from her Tuesdays and Fridays, Daph would try to please dem.'

'I like the woman, mother,' said Rose Stuyvesant: 'shall we engage her to come here always, and see what we can do for her?'

The mother assented, and Daph, turning to express her gratitude, looked into the face of the youngest speaker.

It was a sweet face for man or angel to look into. Nature had made it fair, and parted the golden hair above the sweet blue eyes; but there was a sweetness round the expressive mouth, and a purity in every line of the oval face, that told of a soul at peace with God, and ruled by his holy law.

Daph long remembered that face, and as she visited the Stuyvesant mansion, week after week, she deemed that a bright day when she caught even a glimpse of her whom she called 'the sweet young lady.'

Time passed on, and Daph thrived in her little traffic, until her cakes were well known, and her form eagerly looked for in many a splendid home; but the best triumph of her skill she ever reserved for the Stuyvesant mansion, where she had first found a welcome.

(To be continued.)

For Whose Sake?

A keen-eyed, sharp-faced girl was listening restlessly to one who chided her for ingratitude.

'Miss Emeline has started a night school for you mill girls; she asks you to her house once a month and offers you books to read, and yet you'll not go half the time. You will not take any pains to please her even when she's trying to do so much for you.'

'She ain't!' was the unexpected reply. 'She don't really care very much how we feel or what comes to us, so long as she's bein' sweet an' good an' charitable, herself. She ain't thinking half so much about makin' anything out of us as she is about makin' a ministerin' angel out of Miss Emeline.'

Perhaps the young critic was unjust; yet oftener than we think, work for others may fail because a false motive lies at its root. Sympathy must be genuine. The man who would plunge into the surf incited by thought of the life-saver's medal instead of the peril of the drowning one would scarcely deserve a reward. We hear too often of 'adding stars to our crown.' Let self and its crown be forgotten, and the helping hand be outstretched to others because we love and pity them.—'Forward.'

The Selfish Sparrows.

Letter of Rev. W. Hunter to his children, in 'Daybreak.')

Kuangning, North China,
8th June, 1902.

My Dear Wee Girlies—Do you know where we are living? It is not in our old beautiful garden, but just in an old inn yard, and I was sorry mother had not a nice garden, but only just heaps of dirt and hot sand to look at. Well, I got a man who had a cart, and he carted for me ever so many loads of earth, and I made a beautiful little garden for mother like this, all nicely tiled round the edges—

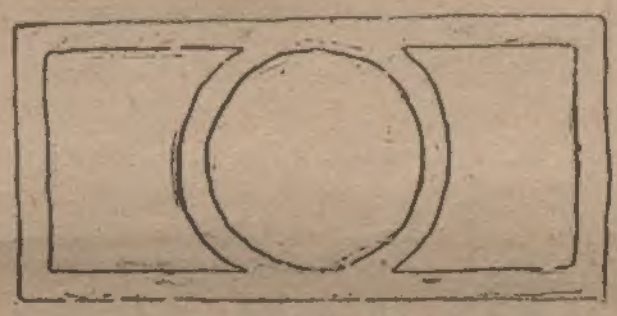
Now there are hundreds of sparrows, and they thought, 'dear me, what's all this for?' 'Oh,' said an old sparrow, 'that is for us to have our dust baths in! In Mr. Wang's the sparrows have beautiful dust baths, and in Mr. Chang's they have beautiful sand baths, and now Mr. Hunter has laid out these nice baths for us.' So they all went and had a bath, and said, 'Tweet, tweet! isn't it very nice? How kind of Mr. Hunter!'

Well, you see I wanted it for mother, so I wrote to kind Mr. Watson, and he sent me every sort of beautiful flower seeds, and I sowed them in nice little rows and plots, and every day I went to see, and one day up peeped a little green thing; oh, it was nice! all the rest was dry earth.

Five or six young sparrows gathered round it, and asked their papas and mammas, 'Tweet, tweet! what is this?' 'Oh, you little know nothings! that is some nice vegetables which Mr. Hunter sowed for us,' and so they ate it. Oh, mamma, here's another!' said one. 'Well, dear, just eat it.'

'Oh, it was very nice. How kind the Hunter's are!' And so every morning they got up very early and searched, and every plant had a little sparrow until at last there was only one, and they were all gathered round it fighting for

it, and now there was no more, only a big bare garden, for it looked big when it was empty, and they never



came to say 'thank you,' and every day I looked, and I told a man to pour on water (for the ground was hot and dry), and the birds said, 'What are the Hunter's spoiling our beautiful earth bath for? It is very wrong of them.' But then a few more flowers came up, and 'Oh,' they said, 'yes! that was rain

to make the earth soft to let our vegetables come through.' And so all the sparrows came. (for it was advertised in the 'Sparrow Telegraph), and next morning we could only see sparrows there like locusts, and sparrows coming and sparrows going; and 'Oh,' they said, 'these Hunters have not planted half enough! They must attend to their business better.' And so they scolded, and poor mother had not one green little leaf lett, and father was so sorry; but then he thought of another plan, and he went over to the old compound garden, and he brought some coarse kinds of flowers—sunflowers and that kind which had come up themselves from old seed, and he got some from other people. As these were big he thought the sparrows would not touch them, and as the sun is very hot he covered them up nicely until he knew the sun could not kill them. One day he took off the covers, and, oh! the sparrows rejoiced. 'Oh, here is some nice salad at last!' and they ate all up, and poor mother has just the big, bare garden left, all nicely laid out, but no green thing in it.

Now I don't ever want my little girlies to be like those sparrows to think that everything is for them, but always to be nice and kind to other people, even when we do want something for ourselves.

Your loving Father.

The Boy Who Pleased Himself

(By Sydney Dayre.)

'Mother, I want to go over to Fred's this afternoon.'

'I would rather you stayed at home, Phil.'

'I promised Fred.'

'But he knows that the keeping of your promises depends on your having permission to go.'

'Do stay, Philly,' pleaded his sister. 'Let's have a nice time at home.'

'This is Saturday afternoon.' A complaining tone had crept into Phil's voice. 'Fred's building a mill-dam and I want to help.'

'Will not next Saturday do?'

'No. The water will be low by that time.'

Mother hesitated for a few moments.

'Phil, my boy, if you persist in wishing it you may go. But I think it will be much better for you to remain at home this afternoon. You will please me very much by doing so.'

But that Phil did not set much value on the opportunity of pleasing his mother was shown by the liveliness with which he prepared for his afternoon visit.

'I'll be home in time for tea,' he said as he bade his mother good-by.

Katie stood at the gate as he went whistling down the road.

'He always whistles when he's doing just what he likes to do,' she said to herself with a little sigh. She felt disappointed, for she had hoped to go to the next neighbor's to play tennis, and without Phil they could not make up a set of four. She watched him a long distance down the straight road until a bend took him out of sight, then, as she was about to return to the house, paused to look the other way.

Something more interesting than a willful boy was coming. A carriage with swift horses, and of course Katie waited to see it pass. But it did not pass.

'Why—that is papa inside! It is coming here!'

The light-stepping horses brought it to the gate before the little girl had time for anything further than a flutter of surprise. Mother, with another boy and girl, was hastening to the gate.

'Get ready, all of you,' said father, looking at his watch. 'It will take quick moving for us to make that train.'

'Oh—what for?'

'Into the city for the Exposition.'

With shrieks of delight the youngsters rushed into the house. Mother looked more serious.

'Phil is not here, she said to father.

'Where is he?'

'Gone down to Fred's. I objected almost to the point of forbidding him, but he persisted. Can't we send for him?'

'No, there is not time. We can't spoil the pleasure of the whole family because of his stubbornness.'

'Too bad Phil isn't here.' Bright faces were a little clouded at thought of what he was missing. But there was a record against Phil which forbade any very deep regrets. Remembrances of his insisting on a choice of seats, of clamors to be allowed to drive, of constant seeking of his own wishes without regard to those of others, caused his absence to be little regretted. Even mother could not help feeling, though she would not have acknowledged it even to herself, a little relief in not being subjected to the anxieties occasioned by a boy fond of having his own way.

As our chief concern is with him we will not dwell on the adventures of the city-bound party—the short ride on a car crowded with like happy excursionists, the delights of the great Exposition, the fine buildings, the splendid exhibits, more than could be told; the boat ride, the supper at a café, all with crowds, crowds which made it only the merrier.

And there was to be no hurrying about it. The happy youngsters were allowed to take in their very fill of pleasure. The evening display of electric light and fire-works, the bands, the processions—was ever so much enjoyment crowded into one day?

Phil kept his promise of being home in time for tea. During his walk home he had time for a slight feeling of self-reproach in recalling that his persistence in going had been the cause of annoyance to all at home.

The front doors and windows of the house were closed, no voices chatting or calling.

'Where are they all?' he asked, going around the house and speaking to the girl in the kitchen.

'Gone into town, so they said.'

'Did father come?' he asked, with a great dismay at his heart.

'Yes.'

He saw it now. They had all been in to the Exposition early in the season, and ever since had been rejoicing in the prospect held out of another visit. It would be the last one before its close. And he had missed it!

The sting of disappointment was deep and bitter as he wandered about by himself. Would they never come back? The slow daylight hours melted into twilight and darkness until at length he fell asleep on a lounge.

'Mother,' he said, when at length the tired party returned and he was awakened by the lively chat, 'I didn't—' his voice half breaking in mingled anger and sorrow—'think you'd go without me.'

'I'm sorry, dear. I have felt your disappointment perhaps as keenly as you have. I tried my best to save you from it, you remember.'

'You might have told me you were going.'

'It was so uncertain whether your father could take us that he told me not to speak of it, as it might have ended in disappointment for all.'

'But if you had told me there was a chance——'

'That's enough,' said his father, decidedly. 'I did not intend that any one should be subjected to your complaints in case we should not go. Your mother urged you to remain, but you chose your own way and have only yourself to thank for what you have lost.'

'Ho, for Slumberland!'

(By Eben H. Rexford.)

A little song for bedtime, when, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise, 'For the Slumber Islands, ho!'

When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling, 'For the Slumber Islands, ho!'

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know
When they answer to the boatmens' 'For the Slumber Islands, ho!'

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland. 'For the Slumber Islands, ho!'

—'Our Dumb Animals.'

LESSON VI.—FEB. 7.

A Sabbath in Capernaum.

Mark i., 21-34.

Golden Text.

He laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them. Luke iv., 40.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 1.—Mark i., 21-34.
Tuesday, Feb. 2.—Mark v., 1-20.
Wednesday, Feb. 3.—Mark ix., 14-29.
Thursday, Feb. 4.—Mark iii., 1-15.
Friday, Feb. 5.—Matt. xii., 22-30.
Saturday, Feb. 6.—Acts xvi., 16-24.
Sunday, Feb. 7.—Luke iv., 33-44.

21. And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23. And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24. Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

26. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

27. And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him.

28. And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee.

29. And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John.

30. But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her.

31. And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.

32. And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils.

33. And all the city was gathered together at the door.

34. And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

The parallel passages should be read before the study of the lesson is taken up. They are Matthew viii., 14-17, Luke iv., 31-41. This is a lesson of miracles. Jesus is still in Galilee, where he carried on a protracted work. Capernaum may be said to have been the centre of this Galilean work. The events of this lesson follow those of last week in point of time, though they form part of the chapter of our lesson week before last, as Luke gives the account of this ministry in Galilee.

According to Mark's account, as given in the lesson of to-day, the four disciples of whom we learned last week, Peter, Andrew, James and John, came to Capernaum with Christ on the occasion of the events here described. We find Jesus again using the synagogue as a place in which to teach.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 21, 22. 'And straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue.' Mark writes the epistle of action, showing Jesus as the servant of Jehovah, and 'straightway' is one of his favorite words. Notice how Jesus kept the Sabbath, attending the house of worship and taking part.

The people 'were astonished at his doctrine.' He did not speak to them in a formal, restricted way, repeating nothing but what they had long been accustomed to hear, but 'he taught them as one that had authority.' There might be a tone of caution among the scribes, lest they err, and also inability to expound the deeper things of the prophets. But here stands before the astonished company in the synagogue on this Sabbath at Capernaum the Word that was made flesh. John i., 14. What freedom, clearness and certainty must have marked his utterance! Little wonder that his hearers were astonished!

23-26. 'A man with an unclean spirit.' The nature of demon possession has been the subject of much discussion. Some have sought to explain such cases by regarding them as merely those of persons who had become utterly subject to some temptation, to some evil habit, but this and other passages of Scripture do not bear out such an interpretation. The powers of evil seem to have been especially active in the time of which we are studying, when the Son of God was upon earth seeking to rescue men from the power of sin. There is no reason for seeking to account for such phenomena other than in the way here described—that an unclean spirit had possession of the subject, allowing perhaps calm intervals, when the victim clearly realized his condition.

'And he cried out,' that is, the demon himself cried out, 'Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?' The plural pronouns 'us' and 'we' would indicate that the demon was speaking for the whole company of demons in existence, who were in terror at the power of Christ. Notice that the evil spirit recognizes Christ as 'the Holy One of God.' James says in his epistle, ii., 19, 'Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble.'

You notice the plea of the evil spirit to be let alone. This is always the wail of those on the wrong side, where there is an aggressive movement against evil. They cannot advance any strong argument in favor of their wicked practices, but 'just go about your own business and let us take care of our affairs,' is their demand. Now Christianity is not in the world to hide itself in some corner and let sin and those who suffer by it alone. No attention must be paid to such a complaint. We are at war with sin and evil, and will give no quarter.

Christ rebuked the open recognition of himself, because, no doubt, he did not want those about him to so misunderstand the situation as to conclude that he was in league with evil spirits, as some might infer from the fact that the demons obeyed his command. Such a case occurred later. See Mark iii., 22.

At the command of Christ the unclean spirit came out of the man, after tearing him. See also Luke's account, iv., 35. Satan very often tries a new convert severely when he has just accepted Christ and taken his stand in the new life.

27, 28. 'And they were all amazed.' Here indeed was 'a new teaching,' deliverance from demon possession and that proved before their eyes.

Then the fame of Christ spread in all the region of Galilee about Capernaum, as is shown more clearly by the Revised Version. The terrible and mysterious nature of demon possession very likely made it one of the most dreaded afflictions, and now that one had come able to cope successfully with the trouble, it was news that would spread at once. Fraudulent 'healers' in our own day become famous in a very short time, and even more quickly would one so wonderful and successful as Christ become widely known.

29-34. Now comes a case of a miracle that would touch the sympathies of the disciples especially. Jesus, departing from the synagogue, goes with his four disciples into the home of Simon and Andrew. The mother-in-law of Simon Peter lay sick with fever; it was reported to Christ, who came and lifted her up. The fever left her at once, so that she was able to minister to them. Strange it is that the Catholic Church compels its priests to remain unmarried, when Peter, whom they claim as the earthly head of the church, had a wife, as here shown.

'When the sun did set.' The Sabbath closed with sunset, and it would, in a warm climate, be better to carry sick people about than in the heat of the day. The populace now turned out, bringing the afflicted with them and Christ healed them. As we noted above, he did not permit devils that were cast out to speak.

Next week the lesson is, 'Jesus Forgives Sin,' Mark ii., 1-12.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Feb. 7.—Topic—Christ for the world, and for me. John iii., 14-21.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR DAY.

Monday, Feb. 1.—'Trusting in the Lord.' Prov. iii., 5.

Tuesday, Feb. 2.—'I promise him.' Eccl. v., 4.

Wednesday, Feb. 3.—'I will strive to do.' Phil. iv., 13.

Thursday, Feb. 4.—'Whatever he would like.' John ii., 5.

Friday, Feb. 5.—'I will pray every day.' Ps. lv., 17.

Saturday, Feb. 6.—'And read the Bible every day.' John v., 39.

Sunday, Feb. 7.—Topic—The story of Christian Endeavor, and what it stands for. I. Tim. iv., 12-16.

A Superintendent's 'Shoulds'

('Morning Star.')

A wide-awake superintendent in Baltimore, Mr. F. W. Kakel, of Grace Sunday school, sends in a list of things a superintendent should do, as follows:—

Should be the first one to arrive at the school, to greet teachers and scholars.

Should see that rooms are properly ventilated, and class books, etc., are in the classes.

Should let the scholars know that they make the Sunday school, and not the superintendent. He must be the least important.

Should send a postal card or letter to the teacher who is absent, telling her how he missed her, and inquiring if she is sick. (The method works wonderfully well, as I have few absentees, except through sickness, among fifty-three teachers.)

Should get his teachers to notify him if they are to be absent, so that he can provide a substitute.

Should have weekly study of the lesson for the coming Sunday, and give each teacher a chance to conduct these meetings, if they so desire.

Should furnish each teacher with a card of names of scholars and their addresses, and, if scholar is absent, drop him a postal card, or call on him; if the scholar is absent more than two Sundays, the teacher should notify the superintendent, and he should write or call. Scholar may be sick, and a visit will please him and parents as well.

Should have classes who have all present read from desk near close of session, giving number of class and name of teacher. Have a silver star placed over the class, suspended from ceiling. They will work for that, and take great pride in it. (I have known scholars to come to me and ask permission to go out and bring absentees from home. I have quite a number of star classes every Sunday.)

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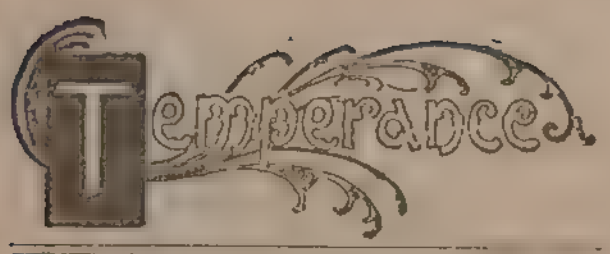

Where Two Ways Met

(Emma E. Hornibrook, in 'New York Observer.')

Gladys Laude was visiting a hospital for the first time. A maid who served her faithfully for three years had an injury to the spine, and was now a patient in the woman's ward.

Miss Laude looked around at the long clean room with its row of beds. It was different to what she had expected, not gloomy or depressing, but bright and even cheerful. There were flowers in the windows, and it was good to watch the nurses, with their spotlessly neat dresses and quiet movements. It passed through her mind what grand lives those women were leading, devoting their best efforts to the relief of human suffering.

She could recall a time when some idea of such a consecration possessed her. That was when she joined the church, and was introduced to the happy meetings of a Young People's Society. How she had loved her young sisters in the faith! but other things intruded, she was brought out in society, formed other friendships and knew another love. How strangely it all came back to her now.

'How good of you to come, Miss,' the poor girl who had often dressed her for a dance was saying. 'I like to think of them beautiful clothes you got.'

'I am afraid that does not help you much,' replied Gladys, feeling the miserable inadequacy of any comfort she could offer. 'I suppose some minister visits here?'

'Yes, when he's wanted. But—' with a motion of her heard toward a cot at the other side of the room—'that little girl over there is a real saint out of Heaven. She's been months and months lying there, yet no one ever hears her complain. And when some of the rest of us cries out in pain, or can't sleep at night, she says something lovely—perhaps a verse out of the Bible, or a line of a hymn—and it's just like a soft breath from another world, or a stray bit of music. It quiets us.'

Miss Laude looked across and met the gaze of earnest blue eyes.

'I shall go and speak to her before I leave,' she said.

A little later she was holding the hand of the young patient, whose sweet face, with God's peace upon it, was turned to hers.

'You suffer pain?' she inquired gently.

'Yes, sometimes—not all the time.'

'Are your nights easy?'

A flush spread over the thin cheeks and the eyes fairly glowed.

'At first they gave me sleeping drops,' she answered in a low tone. 'But I do not like them, they bother my head so I cannot think. And then, do you know, the Lord himself speaks to me in the quiet of the night. I can 'most put out my hand and touch him, he's that near. Last night I heard him say, as plain as any voice could say it, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee." And so I am not afraid.'*

Gladys Laude walked very slowly home that day. She even entered a park, and, seeking a remote and secluded corner, sat down to reflect. It seemed to her she had come to a place where two ways met. And which should she choose? On her decision might depend the happiness or misery of a lifetime.

That Harold Gage loved her sincerely she never doubted, yet that love had not been of sufficient force to enable him to overcome an evil habit when boon companions enticed him. Twice since their engagement had he yielded to temptation and become intoxicated. The last time was shortly before her visit to the hospital.

Why had her influence not proved his safeguard, and if it could not keep him straight now, would it be likely to do so when she was his wife? These questions tortured her, yet they must be met. The answer was obvious. The keeping power must come from without and revolutionize the man's whole being—and hers also. Each, for himself and herself, they must seek the aid which cometh from above, and is never sought in vain. In this alone they could overcome. Had she not witnessed the victory of faith in the hospital, rising above all dread of death, and giving peace in pain?

How long she wrestled thus with doubt and despair she knew not. One thing was clear at last, she heard a voice among the trees of the garden, and it said, 'Return unto me for I have redeemed thee.'

Harold Gage raved, stormed, pleaded, agonized in vain, Gladys remained firm. If at the end of two years he could come to tell her that by the help of God he had not tasted liquor during that time, then she would become his wife, but on no other terms. And so they parted.

Then there began a new life for Gladys Laude; a life of high aims and humble endeavor. Her father was dead, and a gentle mother allowed the girl to take her own way. As days passed on she too saw it was the best way.

And Gladys had her reward, a hundredfold in daily peace, and another hundredfold when Harold Gage, his probation ended, claimed her as his bride. By Divine grace, on which in weakness he had cast himself, the drink habit was overcome.

In Hope Cemetery, under a spreading tree, is a plain marble slab with this inscription:

In Loving Memory of
ELLEN KEENE,
Aged 17.
From one who oweth unto her even her own self.

* This girl's experience and utterances are strictly true.

Is Teetotalism Scriptural?

The Rev. G. Armstrong Bennetts, B.A., who was appointed by the Wesleyan Conference to give special attention to Temperance Work in the Connexion, has recorded this incident: 'I was recently in company with a very eminent minister of religion who said, "What I want to know is where the New Testament says that I ought to be a teetotaler?" Another minister of considerable learning, who was present, replied, "Everywhere."' This incident has its practical counterpart and value here in Canada. Only last week we heard of a Minister of the Crown somewhere in our land who was stumbling over the same difficulty. Does the Bible support this attitude of total abstinence and national prohibition? The request is for some letter or some text or some paragraph that positively and authoritatively covers the whole ground with express and literal, 'Thou shalt not.'

It is well to remember that 'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' Mr. Bennetts is warranted in saying, 'There is no man so far away from a true intellectual grasp of the idea of Christianity as the Biblical fragmentist who would make Christian ethics into a series of isolated precepts patched together.' . . . 'How true it is that the letter killeth! It killeth both the interpretation and the interpreter.'

The Bible, in both the Old and New Testament, reveals a condition of society in which intoxicating liquor is used, but it does not follow that the use of strong drink, as a common beverage, is approved. The Bible also reveals a condition of society in which slavery is a general usage, and in which polygamy is commonly practiced, but these are not approved because, in every case, they are not precisely reproved. The spirit of the revelation of God, which is 'everywhere' throughout the Bible, is clearly against slavery, polygamy, lust, and strong drink.

On what grounds, is it asked? The three broadest grounds may be thus stated. There is the Divine authority of natural laws, which is everywhere acknowledged in the Bible, and only denied by the atheist, and these natural laws are against the common beverage use of strong drink. Liquor, like lust, has always proved too strong for human nature when tampered with. The physical wreckage is everywhere.

Again, there is a Divine authority everywhere ringing through the Bible, which says, 'Save thyself and thy house.' There is Divine authority for the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' There can be no consistency in offering such a prayer, and then deliberately creating a certain form of evil and walking into the midst of its temptations.

Again, there is a Divine authority for the fundamental law of Christian ethics, namely, 'Self-Sacrifice for the Sake of Others.' The common use of alcoholic liquors is no necessity and no advantage, but has proved one of the greatest curses. In such a case we help to save our brother and neighbor by abstaining and prohibiting.

The three strands are physiological truth concerning the poison alcohol, personal and family salvation, and 'the law of the cross.' —'Christian Guardian.'

Does Liquor Help?

Not only does drinking not brighten the intellect and increase its working power, but it breaks down the integrity of nature and the vitality of the men who drink. 'Alcohol is injurious,' Dr. J. Solis-Cohen, of Philadelphia, is reported to have said: 'A man may drink it to deaden his sorrow, but the pendulum will always swing so far one way as it does the other. If he finds happiness or joy in intoxication, he will pay for it by consequential misery when he gets sober. It might stimulate the minds of some temporarily, but it would soon kill their intellects and shorten their lives. Physicians agree that it is a bad thing. All stimulants are injurious. A few years ago we stopped the use of liquor in the Home for Consumptives. Since that time there has been a marked decrease in the number of hemorrhages. It is bad in every way.'

Of course the young man who begins to drink does not intend to drink enough to be injured by it. He believes he can control himself, and he despises the drunkard who has surrendered his manhood and his self-control as thoroughly as any abstainer does. But what evidence has any young man that he can retain control of this appetite? Let any young man who thinks he can, look up the family history of the people whom he knows best, his own family history, even. In few cases will he be able to recall two generations without meeting a drunkard, who meant to be only a moderate drinker when he began. No drunkard meant to be a drunkard when he began. He did not intend to acquire the habit of drink. But a habit fixes itself upon the man who does the acts in which the roots of the habit reside. Even if the habit is but one of moderate drinking, that is the only road to the habit of immoderate drinking. And it is a road that is surer to run that way than the other.—Robert E. Spier.

Next Temperance Step.

I suggest a statewide campaign for state prohibition. In every church, every young people's society, every W. C. T. U., every I.O.G.T. in every village and school district throughout the state, let a committee be appointed by each to distribute incidents and facts as to the prohibitory laws, their enforcement and benefits. The people want state prohibition. Give them the work they want to do, and they will do it. J. Benson Hill, Michigan.

Correspondence

POETRY.

Dear Boys and Girls,—One of you has sent a poem for the 'Messenger,' with a sweet little note asking me to point out its faults; but as the writer has failed to give her whole address I cannot send her the personal criticism which I otherwise might have written. It occurred to me also that there are probably a good many other young poets among our readers who would be glad of a short general criticism which might help them, too, in their poetic efforts. Florence Irene's poem is very good for a person of her age, but it could not meet with the same praise if it had been written by a person twice as old. We hope that she will persevere in her attempts to write, and that she may improve in her work year by year.

There are several very important points to observe in writing a poem. In the first place, you must set a high ideal before yourself—read good poetry, such as Tennyson and Longfellow wrote, think over what you read, and try to reason out what it is that makes words and sentences into poetry—there is much more in it than getting the last word of the second and fourth line to rhyme. Take a stanza of Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' for instance—

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

In the first place, there is a wonderful thought there, and every word used is necessary to help convey that thought. A great many inexperienced writers make the mistake of supposing that the more words there are in a sentence the better it sounds. Every word in a sentence should convey some meaning, if it is not necessary and useful it is not only useless, but a blemish to the sentence. When you write anything at all, whether it is a poem or a composition or a letter to the 'Messenger,' read it carefully over and see if you have really written anything worth saying—do not put in words just to fill out, but try to express real thoughts.

In the second place, notice the number of syllables in each line, and you see there are eight in the first and third lines and seven in the second and fourth. I think you can notice, too, how the accent falls regularly on the first, third, fifth and seventh syllables in each line; this accentuation is necessary to secure the proper rhythm or 'swing.' Notice how the accent falls on every second syllable in these two lines from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village':—

And broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Much 'would-be poetry' is spoiled by lack of rhythm. Study these things, and compare the writings of the different poets. If you can get a copy of Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' with notes, you will find the study of it not only profitable, but very interesting.

Now, I have given you one or two points, but you must not conclude that there is no more to learn. You are only at the beginning, like a person in the first class at school. It requires patience and perseverance to become a writer. Do not be content with your work merely because it has a fine appearance—pretty writing on nice clean paper tied with a little red ribbon—neatness counts for a good deal, but you must never be content unless you know that you have done the best you could with the knowledge you have. Then study more and try to make your next effort more perfect.

Every boy and girl should try to make his or her mind a storehouse of beautiful thoughts. You may lose your outward possessions, but if you once make a beautiful thought your own no one can steal it from you. A thought to be really beautiful must be both pure and true,—these thoughts are amongst the great forces of beautiful living. To make a thought your own you must not only commit it to memory, but turn it over in your mind, and think what it means. A thought expressed in poetry is often more easily remembered than the same thought in prose.

This is a very long letter, and some of you may not have the patience to read it all, but those who do so are invited to send in their favorite verse of poetry or 'memory gem' with the name of the author or book from which it is taken. That will give you something new to write about, and it will be especially interesting if you tell why you chose it.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

TOMMY JONES'S DOLLAR.

Near the town, in a little house
With a great big garden behind it,
Lived Tommy Jones, a naughty boy,
And his mother he never minded.

One day when Tommy went to town
Without his mother's permission,
To go there with the Whiteland boys,
Who went on a naughty mission.

He entered a great large candy-shop
On the most public street.
He saw there, in gorgeous array,
Everything good to eat.

From the dearest candy for which you pay
Seventy-five cents a pound,
To the old-fashioned mixed candy
In each village grocery found.

And after him in stylish dress,
And having a great name,
A man with an air of greatest pride
Into the store then came.

'Well, did I ever,' said Tommy Jones,
As out of the store he came,
'He ordered so much stylish stuff,
I 'most forget its name.

'I'm sure it wasn't porridge,
And it wasn't apple sauce,
And it wasn't that stuff mother makes
When I get sick and cross.'

Before Tom Jones got home that night
He'd quite made up his mind
That to the city he would go
When he could money find.

To take him on the swift express
That went so very fast,
And he was thinking so hard he was quite surprised
When he got home at last.

Now, Tom's mother did the washing
Of a rich family across the way,
And Tom thought himself quite 'dandy'
When with their boys he could play.

And one day Tom took a washing
To the lady across the way,
And all at once he remembered
That it was Christmas day.

The servant took the washing,
And said, 'Son, here's a dollar
Mistress sent your mother;'
And to Tom's cheek came the color.

Here now was an excellent chance,
It seemed to come so handy,
For him to go to the city
And buy the best of candy.

Then suddenly he remembered
What his mother said to him,
That stealing, it said in the Bible,
Was a terribly mean sin.

So Tommy Jones decided
That he would try to be good,
And instead of buying candies,
He'd buy a half-cord of wood.

So the money went not for sweetmeats,
But it brought to Tommy Jones
What every true follower of Christ,
When he learns the gospel, owns.

It brought to him that thing
That is not bought and sold,
That everlasting thing that's more
Than worth its weight in gold.

A heart as light as a feather
Did that half-cord of wood
Bring to naughty Tommy Jones,
Who now is dreadfully good.

And all the neighbors say,
'Dear me! I wonder what
Can have come over Jones's boy
To make him act like that.'

And now from this, dear children,
I wish you one and all
To learn a useful lesson,
And into sin do not fall.

And you'll have the peaceful heart;
And you'll stand in glory dressed.
In the other land not far away,
Where the Christians all are blessed.

FLORENCE IRENE W. (aged 12).

Tweedside, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and my birthday is on Feb. 5. As I have not seen any letters from this part, I thought I would write one, and I thank you for printing such a nice paper.

MAUDE M. J.

Elyria, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—I live in Elyria, Ohio. It is a middle-sized city. I am nine years old. I have one brother eight months old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and like it very well. I go to school each day. My teacher's name is Miss K., and she is a very nice teacher. My father is not home much of the time. He is a mason. There is good sleighing and skating here now. Best wishes to the 'Messenger.'

JOHN N. G.

Blenheim, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. My birthday is on January 3. I have received the 'Messenger' from the Sunday-school for three years, and from the post-office for one year. I like the stories very much. Mamma says it is the best paper she reads. I have three sisters and two brothers.

KENNETH ANDREW D.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for nearly five years, and we think it is a lovely paper. My father takes the 'Weekly Witness.' First my grandfather took it, and now my father takes it. I go to school, and am in the fifth reader. I have seven sisters and six brothers, and one little sister in heaven. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on April 14. Wishing you a Happy New Year,

J. L. C.

Riversdale, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister Erna gets the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I will be eight years old on February 4. Our school is closed for the winter, and we are very sorry. For pets I have a goldfinch and a thoroughbred collie dog. I call him Tip. My papa is the stationmaster, and most of the people are railway men. My sister and I are reading the story, 'Daph and Her Charge,' and we think it is splendid. Wishing the 'Messenger' success,

PEARL B.

Drysdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have one cow called Doll, and a horse called Billy. My papa is a storekeeper. We live about half a mile from Lake Huron, and about two miles from the church. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on January 26. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same date as mine. Wishing the 'Messenger' success,

L. P. D.

HOUSEHOLD.

Little No. 2.

It was said by Cassandra's intimates that she had two manias—the education of children and contempt for what she was pleased to term generically 'the supernatural.'

Her children, three little girls with blue eyes and flaxen hair in pigtails, aged respectively 8, 9 and 10, were, in the case of Nos. 1 and 3, normal, healthy infants, who accepted her theories and gave her no trouble. The second was a nervous, excitable creature, who required treatment diametrically opposed to that which Cassandra had laid down for her own guidance.

Jack Silvertop, the husband of Cassandra, ventured to remonstrate with her, but his remarks were badly received.

Mrs. Silvertop conceived that fortune had treated her specially scurvily in the matter of Alberta. Why her two other daughters, Letitia, commonly known as Letty and Dorothy, should have been so eminently satisfactory, and her second daughter so painful a thorn in her side she did not know.

'The child is a hypernervous subject, my dear lady,' the family doctor assured her. 'She requires careful handling—driving on the snaffle, not the curb.'

'Nonsense, doctor! I ought to know my own children,' Mrs. Silvertop replied impatiently.

The mother and the man of medicine were standing together in the cheerful day nursery. Indications of Mrs. Silvertop's theories were scattered about the room—dumbbells and clubs and such like. The precise little doctor in broadcloth looked from the hard, handsome face, the faultlessly tailored, collared and shirted form of the mother to the flushed, dishevelled child tossing in its little bed in the night nursery and then he said gravely:

'If you are not careful of that child she may have a brain fever, and I should not like to answer for the consequences. A delicate, overstrung organization.'

'How on earth that woman ever came to have a child like little Miss No. 2 is what puzzles me,' the doctor said to himself as he climbed into his gig. 'Ah, Capt. Silvertop, good morning to you! I have just been to pay your little girl a visit, and I have given your wife a word of warning.'

Capt. Jack Silvertop looked uncomfortable.

'She's a bit inclined to be hard on the poor little beggar; the child is tiresome and pulling and all that you know—does not answer to her bit.'

'The child is being managed on a wrong system,' said the doctor stoutly.

Jack Silvertop stared at him.

'My wife is educating her on precisely the same lines as our other two daughters,' he said.

'Oh, Miss Letty and Dolly are nice little girls, jolly little Welsh ponies, my dear sir; but your second daughter is like a thoroughbred. You'll pardon my stable language; I am adopting your similes.'

Capt. Silvertop looked after the village Aesculapius as he bowled away in his smart little gig, and then he joined his wife.

'Old Jallop has been here. He is a silly old fool; getting into his dotage, I think,' said Mrs. Silvertop viciously.

'Seems rather upset about Bertie,' said Capt. Silvertop doubtfully.

'Rather upset!' exclaimed his wife. 'I wonder he wasn't rather shocked by such an exhibition. The child had literally cried herself into convulsions from rage—sheer rage, for nothing on earth but because nurse told me that Alberta was so afraid of ghosts and declared that nothing would induce her to sleep in the room in the west wing, some idiot having said before the child that the west wing was haunted. Such folly! Naturally, I needn't say that into the west wing Alberta went, and, instead of going to sleep like a sensible child she shrieked the house down and came flying down the staircase in her nightgown. Of course I simply carried the child back and locked her in. I assure you I was quite worn out.'

Capt. Silvertop looked grave. The picture of his little delicate daughter locked up shrieking into the west wing rather upset him, but he did not dare to contradict Cassandra.

'Does Jallop say the child may get up to-day?' he asked.

'Oh, yes; he says she is to have beef tea and sit in the garden and do no lessons for a week, little humbug!'

'Poor little beggar!' ejaculated Capt. Silvertop as he strolled away. 'I wish you would try to be gentler with the child, Cassandra.'

Mrs. Silvertop was not a sweet-tempered woman, and she was already irritated when her husband's remark caused her wrath to blaze forth.

'That child,' she muttered to herself, 'is the plague of my life. I wish she had never been born!'

A few moments later Alberta—a very white and feeble Alberta, with great rings round her hollow eyes and a pinched look about her sad young mouth—appeared on the scene. The child was dimly conscious of having done something wrong. The fact that she had been frightened was no excuse for screaming, she knew. So she approached Cassandra deprecatingly and said:

'I am very sorry, mother.'

Exactly for what she was sorry she did not know.

Cassandra prided herself on her strict sense of justice and impartiality, and she therefore accepted her daughter's apology with a certain amount of graciousness, offering a smooth, cool cheek to be kissed and shaking hands in a manly fashion with a sort of don't-let-it-occur-again manner which was rather disconcerting.

The child sat wearily down on a garden bench and looked over the sea shimmering in the distance. The Silvertops had bought an old manor house near Broadstairs for health's sake, and they were now engaged in having certain improvements made. An additional room was being added and there were workmen in the house. The tap, tap of the workmen's hammers could be heard in the distance.

'Can you give me a sovereign, Cas?' called out the voice of Capt. Silvertop from his study. 'They have sent my new golf clubs. I want to pay for them.'

'Run up to my room,' said Mrs. Silvertop, addressing her small daughter. 'You will find a sovereign in my purse on the dressing table.'

The child departed and came back in a few minutes with a troubled expression on her face.

'Here is the purse, mother, but there is nothing in it.'

Mrs. Silvertop snatched it from her daughter's hand. The purse was certainly empty. Furiously she turned upon the child.

'You little thief!' she blazed forth.

Alberta looked at her, scarcely realizing the significance of the words.

'Give me that sovereign at once,' continued Mrs. Silvertop, roughly shaking the child. And plunging her hand into the pocket of Alberta's serge skirt she drew forth, among other miscellaneous treasures, a sovereign. The child, white and trembling, protested in vain, but there was the unmistakable evidence. Capt. Silvertop, who came in to see what was the matter, elicited from her that she had not touched her mother's money, and that the sovereign found in her pocket was one that he had given her himself at Christmas. The child being generous and openhanded and the month being July, the story was naturally discredited. No one but Alberta had known of the existence of the sovereign.

'You are a liar as well as a thief,' said Mrs. Silvertop, coldly addressing the now sobbing child. I do not wish to see you again until you have confessed. Nurse will tell me if you do so. Until then you shall not see either your sisters or me.'

Cassandra would have liked, from sheer force of conviction, to add the additional punishment of the west wing to the child's sufferings, but, lightly as she regarded Dr. Jallop, she had not quite the courage to go so far as this. So the small person, forlornly sobbing, was borne away by a nurse, a stalwart individual who admired her mistress and walked conscientiously in her footsteps.

Capt. Silvertop, surreptitiously paying a visit to the nursery later in the evening, found his little daughter in a high fever, and as she clutched nervously at the hands of that kind-hearted but weak-minded individual she reiterated:

'Oh, I did not do it, father! I did not do it. I did not, indeed.'

'I really think, Cassandra, that you should give the child the benefit of the doubt,' said Capt. Silvertop to his wife; 'she has made herself quite ill—'

'Please allow me to manage my children my own way,' replied Mrs. Silvertop.

'The poor little beggar is quite hysterical,' ventured her husband.

'Look here, Jack, if any one mentions the word hysteria to me in connection with Alberta again I shall beat her.'

'You won't do that,' said her husband, sturdily; 'I don't approve of girls being beaten.'

Mrs. Silvertop flushed and her mouth tightened. She was not a cruel woman, only obstinate and full of theories and entirely without sympathy for nerves and such minor ills of life. And yet it fell out that as a sequel to this conversation Alberta was beaten before the night closed—not severely—merely half a dozen smart cuts with Mr. Silvertop's riding-whip, but enough to vindicate the mother's principles.

A few hours after the household was in confusion, for Alberta was missing. Inquiries were made after her in all direction, but without success. In the end a closer search of the premises led to the discovery of the poor little thing's body in the pond at the bottom of the garden. There seemed to be little room for doubt that Alberta had drowned herself.

What Cassandra went through that night nobody but herself ever knew. She clasped the little inanimate body to her breast; she spent hours in desperate and futile attempts to restore animation, even after the solemn-faced doctor had assured her that the child had been for hours beyond human help. In the end, when her husband vainly endeavored to lead her away, she locked herself in the room with her dead and spent the rest of the night in an agony of grief and remorse. For the first time in her life Cassandra knew what it was to feel the grip of hysteria at one's throat. But in the end her strong will conquered. She rejoined the family at breakfast, but with an ashen face. She faced without flinching the subsequent ordeal of the inquest, where Dr. Jallop's evidence went to show that his advice had been disregarded, and where the wretched mother had to confess that she had beaten a child who a few hours before had 'a sort of fit' as a result of solitary confinement in a dark room. 'The child had told a lie and committed a theft,' she forced her white lips to say in defence of her principles. She trembled visibly when her husband broke down and cried like a schoolboy in giving his evidence; but she bore without flinching the 'severe censure' which the coroner's jury appended to its verdict, the hooting of the crowd outside the court and the subsequent diatribes against her in the press. Only from her absolute silence under it all could those who knew her best tell how deeply the punishment had sunk into Cassandra's soul.

It was some months after these events when an old brother officer of Capt. Silvertop came to stay at the manor house. He arrived in the evening and was introduced to the two little girls, Letty and Dolly, at breakfast. A little later in the day he was writing letters in the smoking room—the same room which had been in course of construction a few months before—when he noticed another little girl,

whom he had not seen with the others. The child came up to the table and fixed great mournful eyes, without speaking, upon his face.

'Hullo, little 'un! I didn't know you existed,' he said pleasantly. 'I thought dad had only two children.'

The child made no answer. It walked to the wall and pointed with its finger to a spot in the paper. Major Marter jumped up.

'Why, there's nothing,' he said, cheerfully. 'What is the matter, little 'un?' But as he was speaking the child, to his bewilderment, seemed to disappear under his very eyes.

'That's queer!' he muttered. 'I'm broad awake and the room is full of daylight. I must ask Jack about this.'

'Have you by any chance a third daughter hidden away anywhere?' he asked his host that evening over their cigars.

'Hush, for God's sake, hush!' whispered Capt. Silvertop, glancing nervously at his wife. But Mrs. Silvertop had heard.

'We had another daughter. She died a year ago,' she answered briefly. Major Marter felt a shiver run down his back. Could it be, he asked himself, that he had come into a haunted house? He decided that he would tell Jack what he had seen when Mrs. Silvertop had gone to bed. He told him and was astonished to find that his host had had the same experience and identified the apparition as that of the dead child.

'I daren't tell my wife. She would go mad, I think,' Jack Silvertop said desperately. 'You don't know what a strong feeling she has about people who believe in ghosts. I can't tell you the whole story now, but it was an awful tragedy, and ever since the child haunts this room. I've seen her over and over again.'

'You've seen her over and over again,' said a voice behind them, and Mrs. Silvertop, who had stolen back, stood in the room. 'Jack, why did you not tell me this before? I have seen her myself—and I took it for a sign that I was going mad.'

'You have seen her!' exclaimed the husband. 'When—where?'

'Here in this room—twice, when I have been here alone. I dare not come here now by myself.' Cassandra's face was pale, her eyes wild, and she spoke in a nervous, hurried whisper, so unlike the voice of the real Cassandra that her husband was more frightened as he looked at her than he had ever been by his child's ghost.

'She appeared to me in the middle of the room,' continued the unhappy woman. 'Then she glided to the wall—here—pointed to this spot—and disappeared.'

'That is just what I have seen her do,' said the husband.

'And I—only this morning,' added Major Marter.

Mrs. Silvertop looked from one to the other.

'Jack,' she cried, 'there must be something here—something the child wants us to do.'

Jack Silvertop snatched up a claspknife from the table and attacked the spot on the wall. In a moment the paper was stripped off. With it there came away a bit of plaster, and behind, embedded in the wall, was a sovereign.

How the sovereign got there was never definitely proved, but it was not difficult to conjecture. One of the plasterers at work in the house at the moment had probably stolen it, concealed it temporarily for some reason in the plaster, and had either forgotten the spot or failed to find an opportunity of returning for his booty. At any rate, from the hour that sovereign was found the phantom of Alberta was no more seen at the manor-house, and no one doubted that the coin found in the wall was the one which the dead child had been wrongfully accused of stealing.

Cassandra rarely smiles. She is a nervous, excitable woman, and terribly anxious about her large and bouncing girls, who are capital young women, never sick or sorry, and who think mamma fusses over them ridiculously. But they make excuses for her, 'Because one of us, you know—Little No. 2—was so delicate and died, and mother never quite got over it.' —'London Truth.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Russo-Japanese Crisis—'Collier's Weekly,' New York.
Corea's Quiet Little Emperor—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Most Pacific of Powers—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Interview with Boris Saraloff—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Sir Edward Clarke on the Tariff Problem—The 'Standard,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain's Commission Well Received—The 'Morning Post,' London.
England's Trade and Ours—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Trade-Unionism and Protection—Letter to the Editor of the 'Spectator,' London
Empire-Making—The 'Leisure Hour,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The 'Strad,' Its Author, History and Qualities—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Art in Furnishing—On Curtains—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.
History in Wax—Madame Tussaud's Centenary—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Judge Not—Verses, by Thomas Bracken, the New Zealand Poet—In 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Average Reader—By Verax, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Paradoxical Chesterton—By the Rev. John White Chadwick, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Literature in 1903—More Withdrawn than Displayed—By C. F. G. Masterman in the 'Daily News,' London.
Lord Wolseley's Autobiography—The Story of a Soldier's Life—The 'Standard,' London.
Extracts from 'The Story of a Soldier's Life.'
The People of the Broads—By Conrad Noel, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Old Quebec—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Serum and Vaccine for Tuberculosis—By Dr. Alexander Marmorek, in the 'Independent,' New York.
Reasonable Animals—The 'Speaker,' London.
The Destruction of Derelicts—By Henry H. Lewis, in the January 'Harper,' abridged.
Fresh Air a Preventive of Disease—By Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in 'Good Health.'
Bells and Bell Tones—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
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Science Notes.

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An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co. Ld., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOR

THE BABY'S OWN

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

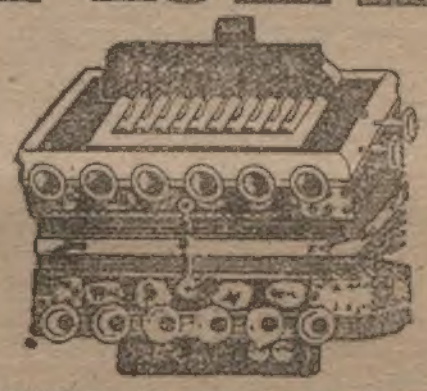
Oil Cure for Cancer.

No need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the home office, Dr. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOYS! WE WILL GIVE YOU THIS ALL WOOL SWEATER.

extra heavy weight, close knitted, any size, absolutely free for selling only 16 four large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "Family Record," at 25c each. A Certificate worth 50c free with each picture. Our pictures are handsomely finished in 12 different colors, and have never before been sold for less than 50c. SEND NO MONEY. We trust you. Simply write that you want to earn a sweater and we will at once send the pictures postpaid. It will take only half an hour to sell them and you cannot fail to be delighted with the elegant sweater we will send you for your trouble, address Colonial Art Co., Dept. 453, Toronto

Handsome Accordeon FREE



SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address plainly written and we will send you postpaid 16 large beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. A Certificate worth 50c. free with each Picture. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you absolutely free this handsome, powerful, sweet-toned Accordeon, with fine mahogany case, 10 keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, double bellows, and beautiful nickel ornaments and clasps. Understand this is not a cheap worthless instrument as are many of these advertised, but one which we can warrant as first class and to please and delight all lovers of music. Send name and address today. The Colonial Art Co., Dept 405, Toronto

PUNCHING BAG and BOXING GLOVES EASILY EARNED

BAG is full-sized, ball-shaped, made of strong kidleather, over a canvas-covered, gum-rubber bladder, quick and light, can be attached to ceiling and floor. GLOVES standard size, weight seven ounces; Sharkey's design, Yucatan palm, wine-color kid, back, lined with best quality curled hair. We give you either this punching bag and attachments or the set of four gloves exactly as described above absolutely free for selling only 16 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," at 25c. each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. BOYS, send name and address to-day and we will mail the Pictures, postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful Pictures ever sold for 25c. address The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 454, Toronto

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

for selling at 25c. each only 6 large beautifully colored Pictures 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," all handsomely finished in 12 colors and fully worth 50c. A Certificate worth 50c. will be given free with each picture. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and imported Swiss movement. Ralph Lamb, Chapleau, Ont., writes: "I am very proud of my beautiful watch and would not trade with my father." Boys, write us to-day and we will send you the Pictures to sell. THE COLONIAL ART CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO

ELEGANT FUR SCARF ONLY $2.69

Send No Money

Just mail to us your name and address, distinctly written, also the name of your nearest Express Office and we will send free, to examine, this magnificent Ladies' Neck Scarf made of finest quality French black Lynx.

The Scarf has six (6) large full tails, measures about 45 inches, is seven (7) inches wide in back and fastens with a handsome Neck Chain.

When it arrives at your Express Office you can call and examine it, try it on, and if you don't think it as good as you can buy from your local dealer for $5.00, all you have to do is to refuse it and the Agent will return it to us without one cent of expense to you.

If you like it pay the Agent only $2.69 and express charges (about 50c.), and you will have the greatest bargain in furs offered this season.

If there is no Express Office convenient to you we will send the Scarf by registered mail, for $2.89, and will cheerfully refund the money if you are not perfectly satisfied with your purchase. Address, JOHNSTON & CO., DEPT. 499 TORONTO

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

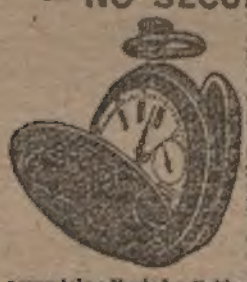
for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept 414 Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 10c. postpaid. N. Box 401. Toronto.

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

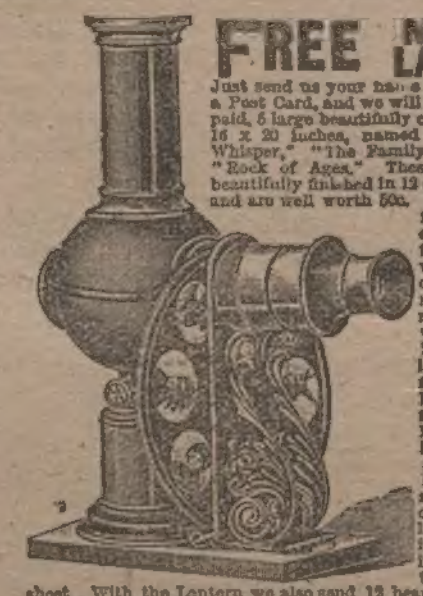


We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing scores of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept 483 Toronto.

HANDSOME ALBUM FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address plainly written and we will send you postpaid 7 of our beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages" and "The Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each one.** When sold return money and we will immediately send you **absolutely Free** the **Handsomest Photograph Album ever given away.** It is full size, with silk plush back and beautifully embossed colored celluloid covers, handsomely finished with Gold edges and Gold spring clasps. **Send your name and address at once** and in a few days you will own an Album that you will be proud to have in your parlor. Address The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 465, Toronto



FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 6 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well-made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES ON CREDIT.

We trust you with 8 large beautifully colored pictures each 16x23 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ Before Pilate," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, **send us the money** and for your trouble we will send you a beautiful **Enamelled Watch,** with handsome silver nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I received my watch all O.K., and sold it for $6.00 a soon as I got it. Thomas Best, Black River, Nfld., said: "Many thanks for the Watch. I am delighted with it. It is a dandy and keeps splendid time. All my friends think it is just grand." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the pictures postpaid. To everyone who purchases a picture from you we will give a 50c. certificate free. THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 419 Toronto.

FREE! FREE!

A Pair of WIDE RUNNER SKATES any size FOR SKATING ON SNOW

Barrels of fun for every Boy and Girl

No need to walk a mile to the nearest pond or stream or wait for ice to become safe. With our Wide Runner Skates, especially designed for snow skating, you can at the first fall of snow or a cold skate on street or sidewalk or coast, on the hillside. They are finely made of special steel, handsomely finished, strong and durable. **SEND NO MONEY** just your name and address, plainly written and we will mail you postpaid 10 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper," and "The Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.** Every Picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. At 25c. you can easily sell 10 in half an hour. When sold, return the money and we will send you **a pair of Wide Runner Skates any size absolutely free.** Boys and Girls send your name and address to-day. THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 404 TORONTO

CHILD'S HANDSOME SET FREE

SEND NO MONEY

All we want is your name and address plainly written on a Post Card and we will mail you, postpaid, 10 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "The Angel's Whisper" and "The Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. Every picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. At 25c. they are the quickest sellers you ever saw. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this handsome stylish Set, worn by well dressed girls everywhere. It is made of beautiful white Lamb's wool and consists of a handsome full Boa, 46 inches long and an elegant Muff made in the new cushion shape and lined throughout with satin, the whole ornamented with dainty ribbon trimmings as shown in the Illustration. Girls, you will be more proud of this beautiful Set than of anything else you ever wore. Don't wait but write us to-day. You can easily sell the ten Pictures in half an hour, and we give a Certificate worth 50c. free with each one. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 496, Toronto.

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

BOYS! Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you postpaid, 6 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "The Family Record," to sell for us at 25c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. At 25c. everybody is glad to buy. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you a large well-made magic lantern, with a full assortment of colored views, also a handsome perfect running upright steam engine, with brass boiler, balance wheel, steam chest and everything that goes to make a perfect engine. Boys, remember you get both the lantern and engine for selling only 6 pictures. Could anything be easier? Send name and address to-day. The Colonial Art Co. Dept. 402, Toronto.

OPAL RING AND SILVER BRACELET FREE

Send name and address to-day and we will mail you postpaid 6 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches named "The Angel's Whisper," "Family Record" and "Rock of Ages" to sell at 25c. each. (A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you absolutely free a handsome Gold finished Ring set with a large magnificent imitation Fire Opal, also a Sterling Silver composition curb chain Bracelet, elegantly engraved with Lock and Key. Girls remember we give both the Ring and Bracelet for selling only 6 Pictures. Could anything be easier? Send name and address to-day. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 401, Toronto

FREE

BEAUTIFUL LADIES WATCH AND LONG GOLD CHAIN

Send No Money

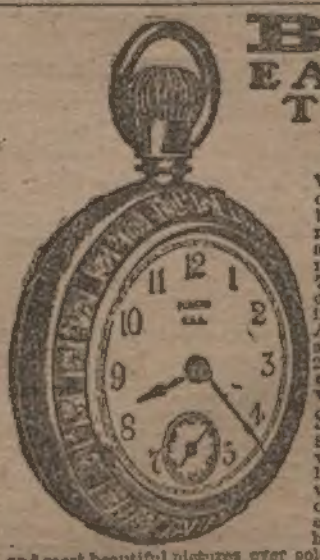
Just your name and address, plainly written and we will send you postpaid 14 large beautifully colored pictures 16x20 inches, named "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "Family Record," to sell at 25 cents each. A Certificate worth 50 cents given **free** with each one. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free.**

An Elegant Little Watch also a Beautiful Gold Finished Chain

48 inches Long

The watch is the prettiest you ever saw. It has dainty gold hands, decorated dial, fancy edge, reliable jewelled movement and handsomely polished silver nickel case on which Roses and Leaves are beautifully enamelled in colors. **Ladie's and Girls send your name and address to-day, sure.** THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept 406 Toronto.

BOYS EARN THIS WATCH



With Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, heavy bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement by selling only 7 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture.**

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write us that you would like to earn this handsome Watch and we will send the pictures at once postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful pictures ever sold in this country for 25c. Write us to-day. Every Boy will be delighted with this handsome Watch. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 455, Toronto.

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